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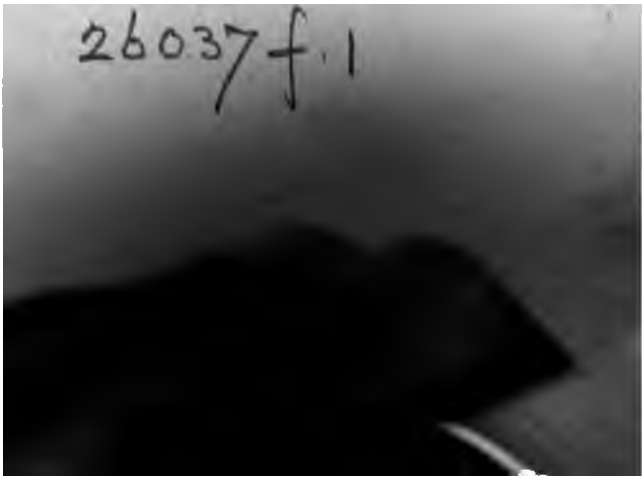

Presented To

Mrs Braithwaite Batty

by the

Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies

Bethlehem, Pa

May 15/06

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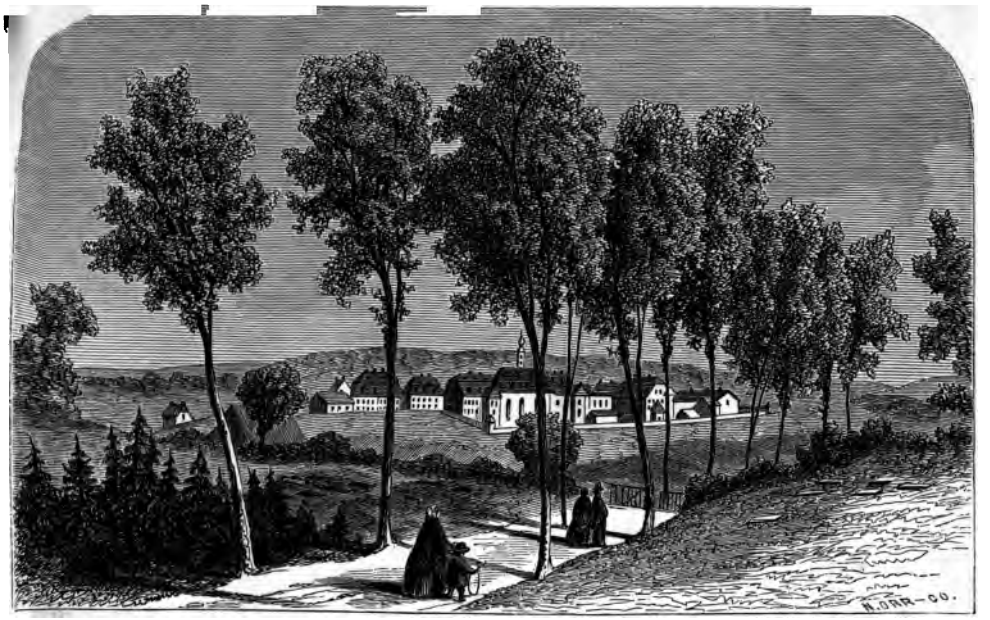

View of Konigsfeld from the North-east side.

MORAVIAN LIFE;

OR,

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S ACCOUNT OF A MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT

IN

The Black Forest.

"UNDER THE SHADE OF MELANCHOLY BOUGHS."

EDITED BY

THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

NEW YORK:
GENERAL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
AND
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PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

This little volume gives a truthful account of the daily occurrences in the Moravian School of the settlement in the Black Forest. It is exceedingly pleasing to see how happily and improvingly the time of the English girl was spent in this Christian retreat. The pious Sisters directing the daily duties of the school appear ever to have kept in view the great object of all true education, the formation of character, by cultivating both the heart and the head.

The many innocent little gratifications afforded to the pupils are a striking feature of the Diary. Every proper opportunity of preparing a simple pleasure for the children is improved, and made an occasion of imparting a lesson of piety. The teaching is also enforced by the daily example of all those connected with the school and settlement. The frivolity and excitement which are now so characteristic of some female schools are here methodically but silently avoided. We find the heart-warming, soul-elevating, and edifying "Singstunden" introduced, instead of long addresses. This English girl and her associates are at once and *daily* directed to the Saviour crucified for them,

as their Redeemer and Friend, and taught to receive every thing as from his hands—the smallest as well as the greatest blessing.

Religion is the chief source of the *daily* enjoyments of the pupils, and every thing else is characterized by its influence. We see no affectation—no desire to go to church for the sake of display—but Teachers and Scholars in their room companies, when taking a walk, or while engaged with their work, are always ready to join in singing a verse, expressive of their devouter feelings and near connection with their Saviour and Redeemer.

Spending their youth in such a manner, is surely the best preparation for becoming Christian mothers; and any observing mind, seeing mothers who have enjoyed these advantages, will be struck by the marked difference between them and those whose one object in life appears to be the merely external decoration of their children. May the excellent spirit, observable in the following Diary, continue to pervade our Moravian schools, and may frivolity and so-called fashionableness be kept out. May the true aim of these schools, to win souls for Christ, never be abandoned, but always continue their first object—to the end, that thousands may still in the days of childhood, be grounded in the faith of Christ; and after leaving these nurseries, in whatever situation of life they are placed, remain His obedient followers, an honor to their instructors, and a blessing to the world.

AN OLD SCHOLAR
of an American Moravian School.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

I HAVE read and revised your little Journal, my dear Beatrice, with great pleasure; it very much clears up my ideas about the Moravians; and if I, a veteran reader and writer of stories, was completely taken by surprise at one part of your true narrative, I think that on readers in general it may reasonably be hoped to have something of the same effect. My only motive for not wishing to appear as your editor, was lest your authentic history should erroneously be classed with my stories, that are only as near truth as I can make them.

May a blessing rest on this your first effort as a writer; may it give much pleasure and no pain to those who have been so kind to you; and may you find, as I have done, that the ways of literature (like those of heavenly wisdom) are ways of pleasantness, and her paths peace!

Your ever affectionate Friend,

The Author of

"MARY POWELL."

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S ACCOUNT

OF A

MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

BETWEEN four and five hundred years ago, John Huss preached a reformed Christianity among the Germans. He took the Bible for his guide, and was put to death for his doctrines, though they were those of Jesus Christ himself. But there is a good old saying, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church;" and from the blood of John Huss may be said to have sprung the reformed church of the Moravians, certain of whom were his followers, and preserved his doctrines among them through a long course of years,

though obliged to do so in great privacy, for fear of their lives.

In the year 1722, these poor people found a kind friend in a young German nobleman, named Count Zinzendorf. He gave them shelter on his estate of Bertholdsdorf, in Lusatia, where a piece of ground was bestowed on them near the Hut-berg, or Watch-hill, and here they built themselves a village, which has since become famous under the name of Herrnhut. The Count formed them into a church, based on their own laws and discipline, and protected those who joined them, he himself being their director. So many persons flocked to Herrnhut to enjoy the free exercise of their faith, that the Saxon government became alarmed, and forbade the Count to receive any more settlers. On this he quitted Herrnhut, took holy orders, and became a kind of missionary. He visited England, went twice to America, and after a varied course of usefulness under persecution, returned to England, and took up his abode at Lindsay House, Chelsea, the old palace of the Duchess of Mazarin. Meanwhile, several of the Moravians at Herrnhut had gone

to Greenland as missionaries. The missionary spirit increased among them, and many went abroad to preach the gospel in other lands. Their lives were pure and simple, their piety fervent. The famous Wesley fell in with a party of them in his early life, on board a ship bound for America, where they were going to preach the gospel in Georgia; and their teaching and example powerfully influenced him in his subsequent career. Some of their practices were peculiar, as will be found in the following pages. For instance, they form themselves into brotherhoods and sisterhoods, though not at all in the spirit of the Roman Catholics, nor does it prevent them from marrying, though, in certain cases, the wives are chosen by lot, as when a brother, who is about to go abroad as a missionary, is unprovided with a wife, and has no especial predilection. The elders of his fraternity, who are pretty well acquainted with the characters of all its members through their superintendents, then make it the subject of special prayer that the Lord will direct his and their choice. After this, they select a certain number of names of the females they judge

most suitable, and he draws one of them by lot. She on whom the lot falls is not compelled to marry against her will, but she almost always consents, and the marriages are almost always happy.

The Moravians are a church, not a sect, and were recognized as such by the English parliament in 1749, on which occasion the Bishop of Worcester declared "it would be a subject of rejoicing, not only to him and the whole bench, but to the entire Protestant church, should the British nation declare itself favorable to it; for whatever it might do for this ancient church, must encourage every evangelical Christian to hope the best from England." This fact is not generally known; and the Moravians are misunderstood by many who are only acquainted with them by hearsay.

They are very fond of music, and of the very finest kind, in their religious services; and the voice of song is continually heard in their dwellings on every little domestic festival, while the festivals of the church are proclaimed from the church-tower by the solemn sounding of trumpets. Their hymn-book (the English ver-

sion of which was revised by James Montgomery) is one of the most beautiful collections of religious poetry in existence. There are aged persons among them who have learnt by heart nearly the whole collection, which numbers upwards of two thousand. The children begin at an early age to commit them to memory. One of their sweetest services is the "Singing-hour," which is held twice a week, when the assembled congregation sing one after another of their beautiful melodies, the minister leading, and choosing such verses as illustrate some given subject, expressed, perhaps, in a text read at the commencement of the service. The young people enjoy this service especially, and their being permitted to attend is a great incentive to them to learn the hymns, which form part of their daily tasks.

The Moravians have several public schools, for girls as well as boys; and young French and English ladies are sometimes included among the pupils, owing to the excellent education and kind treatment they receive. One of these establishments is at Neuwied, on the banks of the Rhine; another at Königsfeld, in

the Black Forest. I have been a pupil at the one, and a parlor-boarder and pupil at the other, and no one who has not had that advantage can be aware of the happiness that exists in these establishments. There is such a friendly feeling between the teachers and their pupils! Then there are frequently little treats—simple, homely little festivals, 'tis true, but such as aid to prevent monotony, and occasionally to divert the regrets of a young home-sick heart. For example: two or three girls club together in turn to give their birthday party; or an excursion is made among the mountains; or an afternoon is spent in the neighboring forest, gathering strawberries, raspberries, and bilberries, in haunts where one might expect to find the queen of the fairies asleep. Delicious occasions these were, when we carried with us our *vesper*, as we called our afternoon's meal of bread and butter, to eat in the woods beneath the shade of tall, tall trees, while we filled our light baskets with ripe berries, or gathered heather and bluebells or the fantastic snake-grass, to weave into garlands for our hats.

These forests are not like our English woods,

nor like that through which rode Una and the Red Cross Knight, and wherein they admired—

> "The vine-prop elm; the poplar, never dry;
> The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
> The aspen, good for staves; the cypress, funeral."

They are vast, dense forests of fir-trees—nothing but fir—which, at a distance, give that sombre hue to the landscape that has gained it the name of the Black Forest. But they are not sombre when you are among them; there are beautiful moss-grown forest-paths, which run along by the side of gurgling brooks, sparkling in the rays of a sun that shines forth from a sky of deeper, purer blue than is ever seen in England. Embosomed in these vast woods lies peaceful little Königsfeld, its white houses and red-tiled roofs forming a striking contrast to the dark green firs; and the gable-end of one of these white houses, which we could distinguish at any distance to which our rambles extended, was that of the Sisters'-house and school where our time passed so pleasantly. Everything in the establishment is conducted with the most perfect regularity and order, each one being under the superintendence of an In-

spector and Inspectress. The pupils do not, as in many large French schools, wear a distinctive dress; neither do the Moravians themselves, who generally dress simply, but by no means affect a studied plainness or disregard of the fashion of the day. The only peculiarity is the little white muslin cap, which is both quaint and picturesque, and the appropriate colors of their ribbons.

Here then, at Königsfeld, near Villingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, I arrived under my brother William's care, on the 15th of July, 1856.

PART I.

KÖNIGSFELD, *July 16th*, 1856.

I SLEPT very soundly last night, after our various misadventures; and when I awoke this morning, I heard that Sister Z. had been told of my arrival. Before I was dressed she came over to the inn, and paid me a visit in my room. Oh, how I sprang towards her when she appeared at the door! My great wish was at last accomplished; and she was actually looking at me, talking to me, holding my hand, kissing me. She is not in the least changed since I was her pupil at Neuwied, and she says that to her I appear equally unaltered. She had much to hear, and I to tell, of our unlucky mistake between the two St. Georgiens—our having to sleep, in consequence, at Freiburg, which gave us the opportunity of seeing the magnificent cathedral—our country stroll the next morning,

and long journey in the roomy diligence through the indescribably beautiful mountain-roads of the Black Forest—William's alighting now and then to gather the tempting wild strawberries that grew on the precipitous banks—our reaching Villingen after midnight, and then having an hour and a half's drive in the dark, in an old post-chaise to Königsfeld, where we had to knock up the inn-people, etc.

On going down, I found my brother waiting breakfast for me; and Sister Z. then went to the Inspector, to inquire when he could see him. He fixed on eleven o'clock, and in the meantime we had a delicious ramble in the Black Forest. Black its lofty fir trees may look at a distance, but gloomy to ramble among they are not.

On our return my brother went to the Inspector's, and I to the "Sisters'-house" (*Schwesternhaus*), which is massive and steep-roofed, eleven windows wide, with two stories above the basement, and two more in the roof. A double flight of steps leads to the door. Sister Z. received me with her affectionate smile—took me first to her own room, and then to

mine. It is a nice, light, airy apartment, with a cheerful-looking paper on the walls, and with every thing about me that I can want; even a sofa, on which I am now sitting, with a small, round table before me, on which Sister Z. has placed some books for my reading.

When my brother returned from the Inspector's, he settled what was necessary with Sister Z., and then wished me good-bye, promising to come some day and see me, from Heidelberg, where he will lodge with the good widow B., and her kind lame daughter.

The holidays are not yet over, and some of the girls are going to start to-morrow morning for Schaffhausen, on a three-days' excursion. I dined with some of the Sisters, and then visited Sister M., whom I had known at Neuwied, and who said she hoped I should often come to see her. We vespered at four, on bread, cherries, and apples. Sister Z. was kind enough to unpack my boxes, and send me to bed early, because I had so short a rest last night. A nice girl named Pauline, the orphan daughter of a missionary, waited on me. The Sisters are now all in church.

17*th*. At half-past five this morning I heard the girls start off on their expedition. At half-past six Pauline came to open my shutters. Sister Z. looked in on me while I was dressing, to make kind inquiries whether I had slept well; and then came breakfast.

Before I write another word, I must try to describe this dear Sister a little, though with a very diffident pen. Were you to come to the Sisters'-house and open the door, a bell would ring, and a Sister would look from the "Economy-room" through a little window in the wall, and if you were a stranger, would come out to inquire what you wanted. On your expressing a wish to see Sister Z., she would lead you to the left, past the Economy-room and kitchen, to the end of the broad stone corridor, and show you into Sister Z.'s room, a pretty, light apartment, with a few pictures and her family arms on the walls, and flowers in the windows. No carpet on the spotless floor; cushioned chairs; and a sofa, with a small table before it; another small table in one window with her canary on it; and Sister Z. herself sitting before her large bureau, writing or making up accounts. On

her quietly looking up, her countenance would strike you as having something of severity in it; but, on her rising and coming forward to receive you, her features would light up with a smile, which, for me, has something of fascination in it; and you could not fail to remark the whiteness and regularity of her teeth, the chiselled, aristocratic form of the nose, and the brightness of her grey eyes. You would call her interesting, rather than pretty or handsome, and the whole look of mingled firmness and kindness would be attractive to you. She is in middle life, neither young nor old, and you would probably see her in a silver-grey woollen poplin dress, which becomes her well, though I do not mean that she always wears such sober colors. She speaks very distinctly, is prompt in all her movements, and should you express a wish to see the wool or the fancy-work sold for the benefit of the Sisters'-house or the missionaries, she would take a labelled key from the row by the stove, lead you into a room where you would find—*me*—sitting on a sofa, studying some of the books strewn on the table, or knitting a stocking; and looking towards me, while

I slightly rose and bowed, say, "A former pupil of mine—an *Engländerin*." Then she would open the cupboard and drawers opposite, and display all the pretty knitting, netting, and embroidery for which the Moravians are so famous. Such, in brief, is Sister Z., a little of her.

After breakfast she brought in Sister R. to see me. She is some years younger than Sister Z., more tranquil in her movements, and very sweet-looking. Her hair is dark, and her eyes of a soft brown. Her gentle demeanor, which yet has sufficient firmness, well fits her for her office, which is the spiritual direction of the unmarried Sisters. It is impossible not to love and respect Sister R.

Sister Z. afterwards took me to the cow-house, to see the fine fat cows, and then to the pig-stye. In this part of the world they keep the pigs much shut up, and allow them but little light. Then we visited the hen-coops, climbed into the hay-loft, visited the laundry, and then the bake-house, where cakes and bread of various kinds and shapes were being baked. A young Swiss lady called soon afterwards, to take me a ramble

in the forest. My dinner was served in my own room, consisting of soup, bouilli, sausages, and potatoes dressed with parsley and carrot. In the afternoon I took a longer ramble with my Swiss friend, and saw the stone set up on the spot where the first tree was felled for building Königsfeld.

I supped with Sister Z. and Sister R. Supper—soup, sausage-meat, salad, and pancakes. Sister Z. thought it best for me not to attend the evening *service*, and sent me early to bed before she went.

18*th*. Rose at six, at which hour Pauline will call me in future, and breakfasted, as before, in my own room. The younger girls breakfasted in the garden, and then sang a hymn, that sounded very sweetly in the morning air. After breakfast Sister Z. took me to order a little cap to go to church in: thence we went to the Inspector's, that I might be introduced to Sister R——l, who is English, and received me with "Good morning, dear!" I was also introduced to Sister C., the minister's daughter, from whom I am to receive music and singing lessons. At

twelve we dined, and at two I again walked with Fräulein von G.

The village, or more properly speaking, *settlement*, of Königsfeld is exclusively inhabited by Moravians. Besides its family dwellings, a settlement usually comprises a chapel, an unmarried brethren's house, an unmarried sisters' house, a widows' house, school-houses for boys and girls, and an inn. Königsfeld was founded in 1807, and being a very *young* settlement, does not as yet possess a separate building for the girls' school, nor is there a regular brothers' or widows' house.

In the centre of the village is a square green, planted round with lime-trees, in the midst of which is a basin, with a fountain throwing its silvery column up into the air. In looking from a window from the Sisters'-house, I see the boys' school across the green, with the Inspector's house adjoining: to the right, the inn, a house where the infants' school is held, and one or two family dwelling-houses. Opposite to these is the church, with a house adjoining on the right for the clergyman's family; and on the left, for the Superintendent or Warden of

the community—the mayor, one might almost call him. I can see a little bit, though the church almost hides it from my view, of a large house with green shutters to all the windows, which is inhabited by Brother and Sister R., the wealthiest residents in the place. If I were now to quit the Sisters'-house, and cross the square, or "place," as it is called, and turn up by the inn, I should find myself in a street of two or three little houses, prettily overgrown with evergreens and creepers, and should soon be on the high road, with fields on either side, stretching away to the skirts of the forest. Were I to return and walk on past the infants' school, I should come to another short street, leading to *the right* St. Georgien and Offenburg. And I think this is all the village: no, it isn't—you may pass the church and brother R.'s house, and descend a picturesque slope towards the forest, which is also formed into a street. Most of the houses are white, with steep red roofs, and the effect of the whole place is pretty, especially when seen at a little distance, embosomed, as it were, in the forest.

To return to the Sisters'-house. Ascending

its steps and entering the door, you find yourself in a large hall, on either side of which stands a long bench, with arms and a back, for fruit-sellers and pedlers to rest themselves on; or for the poor, who take their station there, hoping to receive broken victuals, which they always do.

If, instead of turning toward Sister Z.'s quarters on the left, you turn to the right, on quitting the hall you pass the dining-hall, and four other rooms, opposite to one of which is the sick-room. If desirous of going over the house, a sister would accompany you, and show you the dining-hall—a large room, with long benches and tables round three sides of it. Opposite Sister Z.'s room is the girls' room, where Moravian children who have left school, and daughters of persons in the neighborhood, dwell, under the care of two superintendents, chiefly employing their time in plain and fancy work. This is a very motley assemblage, some being very well off, others quite poor. In the Sisters' room, at the other end of the corridor, you would find several Sisters (ten or fourteen belong to a room, I think), engaged in fancy-work, plain-

work, hair-work, knitting, etc., while others would be actively engaged about the house. You might then be led up the broad staircase to the *Chorsaal*, or Prayer-hall, which is very light and spacious. Opposite the folding-doors is a small table, with a chair behind it—the seat and desk of the officiating Sister; in front of which, and extending almost the whole length of the hall, are four or five rows of benches with backs, for the Sisters at morning prayers, which I also attend here. The school has morning prayers with the teachers, in one of the schoolrooms. The windows of this hall are hung with white curtains; bright brass brackets project from the wall to hold the candles when wanted; and at one end is a semi-grand pianoforte. There are forms, likewise, all round the walls.

Adjoining this hall are the rooms that would be Sister R.'s, were they not still occupied by her aged predecessor in office, Sister P. Passing these rooms, you find yourself in another long corridor, with the schoolrooms and one or two Sisters' rooms opening into it. There is the Teachers' room, which those occupy who are

not in turn to have the inspection of the children for the day (for there are two teachers over each schoolroom.)

Entering the schoolroom you would see about sixteen girls round a very long table, sitting at their books on wooden stools, while the teacher would be seated at a little table in one of the three windows. There is no particular furniture in this room, but a piano and bureau, a closet for books and slates, and some specimens of the girls' drawing hung on the walls. You will perhaps take a peep into the *Kammer*, or Dressing-room, in which are the wardrobes, and the basins and water for washing their hands. Thence you ascend to the dormitories—the school dormitory, with its rows of little beds completely covered with snow-white sheets; and the Sisters' and girls' dormitories. Then you would return to the lower corridor by another broad staircase, leading down opposite the house door. I think I have now described my surroundings as well as I can.

Pauline, who waits on me, does not do so from necessity, but rather because a little active employment is considered more healthy for her

than constant sewing in the girls' room; and also in the hope of her picking up a little English by speaking with me. She is the orphan daughter of a missionary, and is a tall, well-made girl of sixteen, with dark eyes and glossy dark hair. Her features are perhaps too massive to be called pretty, but at times she looks even handsome. She is near-sighted, has a brown skin and nice color. Her disposition is so pleasant and obliging, that it is impossible not to like her.

19*th*. In the early unsettled times, Sister Z. tells me that the Moravians used to choose certain of the Brothers and Sisters to pray continually for the community, one after another, without intermission. When trials and difficulties no longer encompassed them, the observance ceased, lest it should become a mere form; but a certain number are still chosen by lot, every two months, to offer special prayers, morning and evening, and unite in prayer once or twice a month.

20*th*, *Sunday*. The girls have returned from Schaffhausen. Morning service began at ten, and concluded at eleven. It was conducted

by our venerable pastor, Brother C., who must, I should think, be seventy years of age—a tall, hale, fine old man, with the most benign countenance I ever saw. He is rather bald, and constantly wears a black velvet cap, from which his long silver-grey locks flow down, and set off to great advantage, his fair, clear complexion. There is something dignified in his bearing, which makes his address the more impressive. He preaches extempore, and with great fervor.

The service began with a hymn, then there was a short prayer; then the gospel for the day was read, during which we all stood. Then came the sermon, followed by the Lord's Prayer, the blessing, and another hymn. Many of the Black Forest peasants were present. The women looked strange, and yet picturesque in their short glazed cotton petticoats and short-waisted boddices. The brims of their round straw hats were turned up at the sides, and the crowns trimmed with four black rosettes. Their hair was braided behind in two long tails, tied at the end with black ribbon, and some of them wore scarlet stockings. The

men wore long-skirted black coats and leather gaiters.

We are not many paces from the church, but, as we only go thither in caps, I was prevented by the heavy rain from attending the evening service.

21*st.* Sister Z. mentioned to me this morning, that a synod is to be held next year, which will be attended by Moravian brethren from all parts of the world where they have communities. They will meet at Herrnhut. No doubt the synod is looked forward to with great interest by all.

After dinner, I visited Sister B., a most lively old lady, and a great bird-fancier—at least with regard to rearing canaries. She has ten of them in her room, four of which are still unfledged. Lessons will begin to-morrow, which I am very glad of, for a desultory life is not very agreeable, except for a change. At church to-night, Brother C. read aloud a very interesting narrative of a persecuted Moravian of the sixteenth century.

22*d.* At eight o'clock this morning, the Inspector opened the school with prayer and a

hymn. At nine was the arithmetic class; at ten, the Inspector gave us a Bible lesson. At eleven, I practised; at twelve, we dined. After dinner, music, reading, work, and copying my botanical lesson for to-morrow. I have been talking and working with Louise S., a nice Swiss girl, who is in the girls' room; but attends the classes. I think we shall be good friends. Her little sister Anna is in the school —such a shy little thing! she will hardly speak, or raise her large blue eyes. Louise is very cheerful, and the picture of good-humor. Their father is *Bezirksgerichts-präsident* (president of the Judicial Circuit), in Zurich—whatever that may be.

24*th*. We had a storm in the night, but this morning the sky is as bright and blue as ever. Brother K. died in the night. Trumpets were blown from the church tower at eight o'clock, to announce his decease.

After vesper, I went with Fräulein von G. to hunt for bilberries in the forest. The air was deliciously scented by the fir-trees. Their odor is said to be particularly healthful; and many invalids resort to Königsfeld on that account,

and are said to derive advantage from it. Perhaps the simplicity of their lives in other respects may have something to do with it.

Sister Z. kept us waiting for her at supper-time, that she might bargain with a Tyroler for candied orange-peel and dried figs. After discussing our soup and thick-milk, we attended a Bible-reading in the church. At eight o'clock, another storm came on. A cricket chirped loudly on the kitchen hearth, which Sister R. said portended change of weather: it may be so—there are a good many things we cannot account for, yet!

25*th*. This evening, as I stood at the door opening into the court, an old Sister came up, and asked me how I liked being here. She seemed pleased when I said, "Very much;" and, on my adding that my father would perhaps come to see me during the summer, she observed that he ought, then, to come in time for the 13th of August. It is a grand festival day among the Moravians, because, a great many years ago, quite in the infant days of their church, when there was a great want of unity among the Brethren, insomuch that it

was feared they could no longer continue in community, the administration of the Lord's Supper on that day was attended with so special a blessing, and with such happy results, that the hearts of all seemed reunited in the sweet bonds of harmony and love, so that but one heart and one mind thenceforth reigned among them. As the venerable sister feelingly told me this, I thought, might not *we*, too, of another communion, but under the same Master, sometimes profitably set up our memorials of reconciliation and restored peace? At church, to-night, the news from other communities was read. On our return, Sister Z. took me into the garden to buy a current-bush and a gooseberry-bush. There are a great many here, and each girl may, if she likes, buy one or more of the Sisters, for her own particular use,—or rather hire it, for, at the end of the season, when the fruit is over, her property in it terminates. It only costs us a few kreuzers.

26*th*. Sister Z. is gone to fetch a friend from the inn, who is, I believe, to stay here some time. Many visitors are daily arriving, to be here in time for the 13th of August. Brother

K. is to be buried to-morrow; and it has been given out that an *agape*, or love-feast, is to be held by the whole community in consequence.

Sunday evening, 27th. We have just returned from Brother K.'s funeral. At three o'clock, we all assembled in the church; and after a verse had been sung by the choir, and another by the congregation, and the texts for the day had been read, Brother R. read aloud Brother K.'s life. It was a very interesting autobiography up to within the last eight years. He had ministered in many communities; among others, at Sarepta, in Russia: and, in several instances in his life, had obtained, through prayer and faith, the performance of what almost seemed like miracles in his behalf. Doubtless many praying people can cite somewhat similar cases of special answers to fervent, continued prayer, which seem the more remarkable because we so seldom test the abundant fulness of God's promises to those who call on him. At the conclusion of the reading, another funeral hymn was sung by the choir, and a verse by the congregation; after which we walked in procession to the burial-ground. Foremost were the breth-

ren, who blew the trumpets; then followed the coffin, carried on a sort of bier, covered with a white linen pall. At the grave, a short service was sung and said, and we then quietly returned home.

After drinking chocolate with Fräulein von G. at half-past six, I and the others got ready to attend the love-feast. It began with a very beautiful musical service, in which the choir and the congregation alternately took part. The feast consisted of very sweet tea, flavored with cinnamon, and large buns, which were served to us by two Sisters, who went round to all the female members of the feast, carrying a large basket between them, while two Brothers did the same on the men's side. This may seem very flat to those who expected something remarkable to take place; but it was a simple feast of fraternal commemoration, and nothing more.

28*th.* I need not recapitulate our usual studies. At nine o'clock was the literature class; after which, we practised our piece for the *Kinder Fest* (Children's Feast). I hope we shall sing it well. At Neuwied there used to be rivalry be-

tween the boys and girls on the occasion. During our afternoon walk, Emma G. mentioned to me the *Kartoffel Fest*, or Feast of Potatoes, which they hold here in September. The boys have it first, because they build the ovens in the forest in which the potatoes and other things are cooked; afterwards the girls have their turn. Sister B. gives each of them a supply of potatoes, eggs, flour, sugar, etc., out of which materials they make whatever they like or whatever they can. The feast is spread in the forest; and I am told the inspectors and teachers partake of the cheer.

The Inspector gave us a most interesting lecture on physical science, at two o'clock. In the afternoon, various gymnastic exercises took place in the gallery.

30*th*. This is the day appointed for the younger girls to begin their excursion. I was to have joined them, but was disappointed. I was up at half-past four, as I wanted to see them start; and heard the girls whose "week" it is (*i. e.*, for various little domestic duties), come down to fetch the coffee. I opened my shutters and looked out: it was a delightfully clear,

happy-looking morning. Presently, a nicely cushioned van drove up to the door, and I heard much scuffling and running along the passage. I went out to wish them all a happy excursion, and they in return expressed themselves sorry that I could not go with them. After a good deal of jumping up and down and settling themselves, they and three Sisters were all packed in. Then the Inspector got in; and off they drove, at a quarter past five. I sat at the window, knitting and learning German poetry, till breakfast, after which we carried our work and books into the forest.

31*st*. The month has ended pleasantly. At seven this morning, Sister E. took us all to breakfast in the "plantation," a part of the forest belonging to the community, which they have fitted up with summer-houses and seats. A very good path leads through it, and at the end there is an open space cleared and smoothly gravelled, which is where the "potato-feast" is held, and which is used as a sort of play-ground. Thither we repaired, I carrying a huge coffee-pot, another a great can of boiled milk, two others bearing between them a basket

of bread, another with butter, others with cups, saucers, plates, and spoons in a basket, and a damp cloth to wipe the table with when breakfast was over. Others, again, carried sugar-boxes, or little waiters, with tiny coffee-pots and milk-jugs on them, containing enough for one person. Sister E. brought up the rear, with Bernhard R., the Inspector's little boy, just six years old. A merry party we truly were! Sister E. is full of cheerfulness and drollery: there are never dull looks to be seen among her companions.

After breakfast Sister E. read aloud the texts for the day, and then gave out a hymn, which we sang. All then amused themselves till nine o'clock, chiefly by a famous game of "Robbers and Nuns." In the afternoon we assembled in the gallery, and worked whilst one of us read aloud Hoffman's *Blumen Mädchen* (flower-girl.) After vesper I practised in the dining-room on a little, old-fashioned piano, of about four octaves, with black keys and white semi-tones. Then I helped Sister Z. to trim her rose-bushes, and after that we went to the Bible-reading in the church.

Aug. 1*st.* Such a hot day—and yet such a pleasant one! Again we breakfasted in the plantation, but in a different part. After breakfast we gathered heath, to deck the rooms for the reception of our excursionists, who are to return to-night. (People deserve to be rewarded for spending their time agreeably.) Besides that, each is to have a garland round her plate at tea; and "Welcome, you dear ones!" inscribed over the door.

On returning from the forest I practised and worked, and heard we were to make an excursion in the afternoon to Stockberg, about four miles hence. We started, under the care of Sister E. and Fräulein M., and had a delightful walk—up hill and down dale—through forest and field-paths, every now and then pausing to refresh ourselves with bilberries, which grew in profusion.

At length we reached the Black Forest cottage, where we were to have coffee. We had taken our own coffee and bread with us, and the milk was boiled by the old woman of the cottage, who came out smiling to receive us, looking very picturesque in her short petticoats,

blue stockings, and full white sleeves. The old man, her husband, looked quite patriarchal; he was a fine specimen of a Black Forester. The cottage was beautifully neat and clean; though, on looking through a little grating in the wall, we were amused to find the close proximity of the chicken-house to the room in which we were drinking coffee. There was afterwards a good deal of laughter occasioned by a noisy play, which may be described as a German version of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," each trying to repeat a string of long and perplexing words without drawing breath, such as, "Der Metzger wetzt sein metzger Messer." After a surprising number of slices of brown bread and little bowls of hot coffee had been consumed, we went to the spring, and tasted its delicious cold water, and then sat on the grass and sang to the old people, who said, "Ah, none sing like those who come from Königsfeld!"

Time only passed too quickly as we strayed about, gathering berries, or wreathing wild-flowers around our hats. There was a curious plant in the cottage window, with a fruit or

flower exactly resembling an egg, in shape, size, and color.

We had supper immediately on our return, and went to bed tired enough. I had been in bed some time when I heard the excursion party return, and jumped out to cry "Good night!" to them. After a while Louise and Pauline came in to tell me a sad piece of news—that the poor man who drove the van had alighted to put on the drag-chain, when the horses went on, and the fore-wheel passed over his body! Of course it occasioned great uneasiness: however, the poor fellow got up, and actually drove on. It occurred on the day they started.

2*nd*. The poor driver is doing well; and as it is now four days since the accident happened, we hope no harm will come of it.

4*th*. Sister B. could not give us our literature lesson this morning, as she has not recovered from the fatigue of her journey. At two was the Inspector's interesting lecture on physical science. In the course of it he asked what was the *most general* application of steel to a useful purpose. Mina R., who was knitting at the time, said "Knitting needles!" He smiled,

and said, *he* had been thinking of watch-springs. I am reading Schubert's *Bei Gott ist kein Ding immöglich*, ("With God nothing is impossible,") and like it very much. Louise has gone early to bed; to-night she watches with a Sister. Every night one of the Sisters, and some one of the elder girls, keep watch together, in rotation, in case of sickness, fire, or other accident. The young watcher is called at twelve, and goes to bed again at three: the Sister sits up all night. They go from room to room, to see that all is right, and wile away the intervals with reading, working, and a cup of coffee.

6th. At half-past eight there was a lecture delivered to the pupils by Brother W., in the *Kleiner Saal*, a room connected with the church, in which smaller meetings are held. It is furnished with benches, like those in the church, and has a small organ. The *Chor Saal* in the Sisters'-house, where the Sisters have morning prayers, is a room of the same sort.

7th. Fräulein B. and her aunt invited Brother Miertsching to breakfast with them this morning. He went as Esquimaux interpreter, in an English vessel, in search of Franklin, and,

with his companions was shut up in the ice three years. He was formerly a missionary in Labrador.

8th. The Inspectress told me this morning that Brother Miertsching is coming to-morrow to show us his pictures, and give us an account of his voyages and travels. It will doubtless be very interesting, though they say he is almost tired of relating them, he has done it so often.

9th. At nine o'clock we all assembled in the first room, and Brother Miertsching was introduced by the Inspector. His lecture, which was very interesting and entertaining, lasted an hour and a quarter. He described his voyage from England to the Arctic Ocean and back again, comprising a period of four or five years, from 1849 or 1850 to 1854. I shall try to get the diary he has published; a new edition has just appeared. He described the Patagonians, and the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. The former are a fine-looking race; the men upwards of seven feet high, the women six feet: the latter are a stunted, deformed looking set of people. He gave an amusing account of the

jokes that are practised by the sailors when they cross the line.

Sunday, 10*th*. Learned my text for the Inspector, and then went to church. The Inspector preached; he is very eloquent, and every one was interested in the sermon, which was on the importance of the Bible to us, and the necessity of simple faith and trust in it as the word of God. The banns of marriage were published of Sister M. and Brother B., and a short prayer offered that their union may be blessed.

After supper I went to Sister R. (who superintends all spiritual concerns in the house), to speak to her about receiving the holy Communion on the 13th. She made me sit beside her on the sofa—spoke a few kind and serious words to me—said she trusted it would be attended with a blesssing to me, and then bade me inquire of one of the girls who had already received the communion among the Moravians, how it is conducted.

Elfride kindly explained it all to me. At half-past seven an address was delivered to those who are to receive the communion on

Wednesday. The trumpets were blown before its commencement. The heat is intense, and, I think, portends thunder.

11*th*. Julie Z.'s cousin, Hélène, has arrived, and is to share my room during her stay. I wonder how we shall like one another! It will bring us into very close relations. While speculating on what will be my impression of *her*, I may not unwisely consider what will or should be her impression of *me*. Little characteristics often betray themselves, quite unconsciously to the parties.

This evening Brother C. read an account of the dissensions among the Brethren in 1727, which were the origin of the festival on the 13th of August. To-morrow he will continue it. Lenchen, who waits on Sister Z., heard to-day that another of her sisters has received a call to marry a missionary going out to Surinam. Surely, that place should be called "The Missionary's Grave!" How many go thither, and how many die! I never heard its name but I remember our dear old Neuwied sick-nurse, how we cried when she received her "call" there, and how she there lies buried.

The boys are drilled daily here, and perform regular military exercise. Every morning at half-past eight, I hear a fine drumming.

12*th*. This morning, after French class, Julie brought in her cousin and introduced her to me. She seems a nice girl—thoughtful-looking and quiet. I think I shall like her. Julie herself, who has been very attentive to me from the first about the lessons and arrangements of the school, and who is frequently my walking companion, is one of the elder girls, and, in fact, felt herself *too* old for the school when she first came, having previously been introduced into society; so that our little treats and amusements seemed to her insupportably trivial and childish. She soon became different, however, though she still has more of the grown woman than of the girl, both in manner and speech. She is stout and plump, with a shapely waist; her forehead is rather broad; she has *un petit nez retroussé*, and brown hair nicely braided, with a good complexion. She is beginning to think much more seriously than she did at first, and to be very desirous of acquiring all the good she can here, as she sensibly says it may

hereafter be very useful to her. Her only fear is that the influence of her relatives, who are gay people, may have an opposite tendency.

13*th*. This has been a day on which I shall ever look back with joy and delight. It is now nearly bedtime; but I will write down my impressions while they are fresh. At six o'clock Hélène and I were aroused by the mellow sounding of trumpets, and arose, breakfasted together, and arrayed ourselves in white. The whole community wear white to-day. At nine we attended morning prayers. Brother C. prayed that a blessing might rest on the festival, and then delivered an address on the subject of it—"Peace on earth and good will towards all men." Two new members were then received into the community—Sister B. and Brother D. Brother C. first addressed them, then offered up a prayer in their behalf. Then followed the Liturgy appointed for receiving members into the community. Sister R. then came forward and kissed Sister B. Brother M. did the same on the Brothers' side with Brother D. Two young Sisters of the girls' room told Louise that they had overheard this Brother

praying aloud, and most fervently, in the forest a few days ago. He has much to struggle with: he is deformed and sickly, but has an earnest desire to become a missionary. He offered himself once before; but, on account of his small stature and weak health, was not accepted. When we returned from church, Sister Z. talked to me for a long time, and in the kindest manner.

We dined at twelve, as usual. At about half-past one Brother C. sent over to us a list of the verses we were to sing in the course of the Communion service. There were about thirteen, and they were all to be learned by heart, as no one takes a hymn-book to the Communion. I sat on the sofa, and learned the verses till half-past two. We then made ready for the Love-feast, to which all went who were about to receive the Sacrament. It began at three, and was over at four. Brother W. sang a beautiful solo. Pauline was in the Sisters' choir.

After the Love-feast I returned to my verses, and then chatted with Hélène, or paced up and down the corridor, now and then exchanging a word or two in passing with one or another of

the Sisters. I then sat with Sister Z. till Sister P. came, whom Sister R. succeeded in her office. She is a little, short old lady, of kind and pleasant manners: and she kissed me, and said Sister Z. must take me to visit her in her room some day.

At seven, all the girls who were going to receive the Sacrament assembled in the music-room. There were seventeen of us, including Hélène, and one of the number offered up an extempore prayer. Then a hymn was sung, and at its conclusion Sister B. entered, and kissed us all round, and we kissed one another. The Lord's Supper was administered at half-past seven: we went to it, as to the Love-feast, all in white—with white mantillas, or shawls, white gloves, or white or black mittens.

Brother C., Herr Inspector, Brother M., and another Brother, all of whom officiated, wore white surplices, girded with a broad white sash. The communion-table was covered with a white cloth, with a smaller one of red on the top. The white cloth was bound with a blood-red ribbon. On it were six bottles of red wine and

glass chalices. Brother C. and Herr Inspector brought in the wafers on small red trays: they were cut in small square pieces. The Inspector's wife went round with him on the Sister's side, carrying the wafers, which he took and broke and presented: she also carried one of the cups; so when the Inspector had given one to be passed down our row, which was the first, she presented him with another, and he gave that to the second row, while the Inspectress went to the end to receive the empty one, which she then replaced on the table. The same was done on the Brothers' side by Brother M. and his companion. We were all singing the verses during this time—Brother C. leading. I think he blessed the bread and wine, and used the same form of speech when it was administered to the communicants as in our Church. We kept the bread in our hands till all had received it, and then, when Brother C. said, "Take and eat this," etc., all ate it. Near the beginning of the service, after singing a verse or two, the absolution was pronounced, while we all knelt. Before the bread was given, we exchanged the kiss of peace with our next neighbors, right

and left, and the same was done after receiving the cup. We received both standing. It was very solemn and impressive; and I trust that Sister Z's prayerful wish for me, expressed when she kissed me before I went, may be fulfilled. Altogether, it has been a singularly interesting day—"a day to be much remembered."

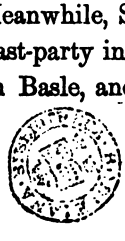
14*th*. We have just returned from the thanksgiving for the happy celebration of the service yesterday. Thanksgiving hymns were sung. All the evening it has been thundering and lightening in a terrible manner. From time to time, the rain pours in torrents, and, before supper, such enormous hailstones dashed against the dining-room windows that we were obliged to shut the shutters.

Pauline and I grow better friends every day. She loves me, I think. I have been reading a letter from her old grandfather and grandmother to her, in which they send me a friendly greeting. Sister Z. was telling me a good deal about them the other day. She said the old man is held in great esteem by the Grand Duchess of Baden on account of his piety, and that she

frequently sends for him to converse with her on religious subjects.

15*th*. Certainly, if the Romish Church is distinguished for its fasts, the Moravian is for its feasts. One is scarcely over, and here are we preparing for another. We have been as busy as bees in the gallery, making wreaths and festoons to decorate the house and church for *Kinder Fest* (the Children's Feast). Two parties went out in the course of the afternoon to gather basketfuls of heath, red bilberry, and juniper. We sang over our work; among other things, we sang "Père Jacques." The Inspector spoke of the *Kinder Fest* to-day, during the Bible-class, and said he hoped it would be attended with a blessing on all of us, and that we should be the better for it in after years, when scattered in our far-apart homes.

16*th*. Up before five. Practised a long while before breakfast. Helped at the wreaths again, and had to go into the forest to get more green stuff. Meanwhile, Sister Z. and Sister R. gave a breakfast-party in the gallery to all the visitors from Basle, and when I returned, I found



them clearing the tables, and had a piece of caraway-cake given me. We worked at our decorations again till noon, and sang most of the time; Julie's cousin among the rest.

After dinner, we went to the church to rehearse our *Kinder Fest* anthem, the boys, likewise, being present. The organist played badly, and put us out, so we had another rehearsal at five. I spent most of the afternoon with dear Sister Z., while the other girls made bouquets. A great many of them went all about the community this morning, two and two together, begging plants and flowers for to-morrow. At half-past seven, a meeting was held to prepare us for the festival. There was an address, a prayer, and then we sang several hymns. On our return, we were greeted with—

"Segne, segne sie!" etc.

("Bless, O bless them!" etc.) which was sung in the girls' room.

17*th*, *Sunday*. The Children's Feast. We were roused at six o'clock by the Brothers sounding the trumpets in front of the house. At seven, we all breakfasted in the dining-room

in our dressing-gowns, and were given very large oval buns, and coffee with abundance of sugar. We sang a hymn first, and had morning prayers afterwards. Then we dressed in white, and went to church at half-past eight. Pink is the color appropriated to children and young people. My dress was mulled muslin, tucked, with pink sash and armlets, white mantilla, white gloves, white net cap and pink ribbons.

The Inspector addressed us, and offered a prayer for us. We then sang several verses. The desk, a square table usually covered with green cloth, was, on this occasion, covered with white, bound at the top with a pink ribbon, and beautifully festooned with wreaths of juniper, mingled with flowers and chains of heath. The service ended at a quarter-past nine; and soon after our return, Pauline entered my room, carrying a plate, on which was a round fluted sponge-cake, strewn with sugar, and having a glass inserted in its centre, filled with a most beautiful little bouquet of blue convolvulus, heart's-ease, nasturtium, sweet-peas, African marigolds, candytuft, and blue and purple corn-

flowers; all round the plate were chocolate-drops.

"This is for you," said she, smiling, "with Sister Z.'s kind love."

I went immediately to thank her for this new proof of her kindness. After the sermon, which was at ten as usual, I accompanied her to the school-rooms, which are very prettily decorated with heather chains and wreaths; and in each room are two or three large cakes, of the same description as mine, which will be cut up and distributed to-morrow. The broad staircase and corridors were strewn with branches of fir.

At dinner time, the Inspectress sat at the head: on her right, the minister's wife, Sister R., and Sister H., the doctor's wife; on her left, Sister P., Sister Z., and Sister B. Grace was sung.

At three o'clock was the Love-feast. The church was most beautifully decorated with flowers, and was full to overflowing: all the babies of the place were there, to keep their festival with us, and made such an amusing squalling and crying! It was pretty to see the little things.

After the Love-feast, we took a walk, in our caps. Four new girls have joined the school to-day. We have now just returned from the evening service. There was another address; partly to us and partly to the rest of the community: and a fine piece was sung by the choir. *Kinder Fest* is a happy day!

19*th*. At four o'clock this afternoon we went, all in white, to the Love-feast given by Brother and Sister R., in honor of their Silver-wedding (*i. e.*, their twenty-fifth wedding-day.) Some beautiful pieces suitable to the occasion, were sung by the choir, and also some verses by the congregation. The venerable old couple sat in chairs in front, facing the desk. The church was decorated with flowers, and the desk hung with white, bound with blue (the married Sisters' color,) festooned with heath and blue corn-flowers. The tea and bunns were excellent. Professor R., who had written a poem on the Silver-wedding of his parents, read it after dinner. They had many presents made them. A beautiful carpet, a handsome flowered table-cloth, two easy chairs, a silver salver, worked footstools, and mats, were amongst the gifts.

This is the venerable couple whom I mentioned in an earlier part of my journal, as living in the large house with green shutters.

Sister Z. says we are here 2,500 feet above the level of the sea! It is very warm to-night.

24th. Missions Fest. The sermon, as usual, was at ten o'clock: after it, the *Probe*, i. e., rehearsal of the piece to be sung in the afternoon. I was one of the twelve chosen out of the school to swell the choir on the occasion. The Missionary-meeting was at half-past one, and lasted till a quarter-past five. The Church was filled with Black Foresters. The school sat in the gallery, which, properly, belongs to the Sisters' choir; and most of the Sisters sat in the "boxes" on either side of us. Brother C. prayed, and made the opening address, after we had sung our piece and some psalms: then three other clergymen of the neighborhood spoke, one of whom had been missionary in the Crimea, and related many interesting camp anecdotes. The Inspector offered the concluding prayer, and a collection was made at the door.

We are going to Stockburg to-morrow; and the R.'s, from Strasburg—*i. e.*, the mother, two

eldest daughters, and two little ones, who have recently been put to school here—are invited to accompany us.

26*th*. I trust dear papa received my birthday wishes this morning at nine o'clock. I have thought of him a great deal, and through the kindness of others, have been enabled to keep the day in fine style: *imprimis*, by having an egg for breakfast; then Sister K. brought me *Sträussel-Kuchen* instead of bread, at half-past eight, and offered me her congratulations; which is always done here on the birthday of one's nearest relations. After this, as the rain threatened to disappoint us of our projected excursion, Sister Z. lent Hélène and me "Father Clement" in German, to read to each other while we knitted. After dinner, we were thus employed, when Sister Z. came in and said to me, "Beatrice! why did not you tell me this was your papa's birthday? I have just learned it from Sister K. You are a baby; and, through being so silly, nearly lost an opportunity of keeping it, my child! However there is still time; and at two o'clock, you shall drink coffee with me in Sister R.'s room."

I put on a pair of white sleeves and my best apron; and at a quarter past two, Sister Z. fetched me. When we entered, the assembled company was standing; and each in turn shook hands with me and congratulated me. I felt so pleased! We all sat down round the table, which was covered with a white cloth, and before each person were a small plate and knife, and in the middle a large dish of heart-cakes, and other dishes containing rusks and short-bread. Sister Z. poured out the coffee at a side-table, and Sister R. handed it round. There were present Sister S., Madame R., and her four daughters, Sister B., our two hostesses, and myself. When we had finished our coffee and cakes, we took our work from our bags, and knitted or embroidered, while conversation flowed pleasantly, and then coffee was again handed round. At length, the weather brightening a little, Sister R. proposed that we should put on our shawls and adjourn to the summer-house, which we accordingly did; and there we found a table spread with sponge-cakes, macaroons, and a large bowl of lemon-cream. Work, conversation, and eating went on simul-

taneously, as indeed they had done before, for I think the sips and the stitches had kept pace with one another. I found the R.'s very agreeable companions. They belong to the Moravian Society in Strasburg.*

At six o'clock, Madame R. rose, and the party broke up. All shook hands with the Sisters, and thanked them. Sister Z. said afterwards, I must tell papa we had celebrated his birthday, though not as well as she could have wished.

27*th.* This afternoon, at one o'clock, we walked to the *Schloss-hof.* The schloss, or castle, of Waldau is a very ancient ruin; and its remains show that it must once have been a gigantic fortress, though now—

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* The name of "Society" is exclusively given to those religious associations, in connection with the Brethren's Church, the members of which still attend the public ministry, and the sacraments in the parish churches, but have a chapel of their own, where they hold private meetings for edification among themselves, and who adopt such parts of the Brethren's constitution as are suited to their circumstances.

In Germany there are twenty-two of these Societies; in Switzerland, five; in France, five; in Denmark, five; in Sweden and Norway, six; in Russia, chiefly in Livonia, thirteen; and in Russian-Poland, one.

"No human figure stirs, to go or come;
No face looks forth from shut or opened casement;
No chimney smokes; there is no sign of home
From parapet to basement." HOOD'S *Haunted House.*

Its walls, ramparts, and moats, may be traced to a great extent round the square tower still standing. It is supposed that there were, in fact, two castles, connected with each other. About fifteen years ago a man hung himself here; but I did not learn of any romantic circumstances connected with the dismal fact, though a suicide in an old castle in the Black Forest offers a very suitable groundwork for a ghost story. The schloss now belongs, together with a large tract of land round it, to a Swiss family, that have emigrated hither from their native mountains, with all their fine cattle and other possessions, in order to be near the Moravian settlement. Three of the girls come to school. They say that their father has discovered a coffin in an underground passage of the castle, but did not open it, as he says it belongs to government, to whom he has notified it, or intends to do so. *Of course*, it is full of gold! How disappointing if its contents should prove worthless!

On leaving the castle we *slid* down the steep hill on which it stands. It was a comical sight; we looked like so many little living sledges. The walk that ensued through the forest was delightful. We gathered bilberries, but they are beginning to go off. On our return, Elfride, Julie, Pauline, Louise, and I repaired to the gallery, where Hélène treated us to coffee, milk-rolls, and short-bread, and we knitted together with great satisfaction. Only members of the community went to church to-night, as it is the anniversary of the establishment of the *Stundengebet*, or hourly-prayer, that I have mentioned before; and the service had special reference to it.

Sister H. died early this morning. It was announced by trumpets from the church tower: she was the oldest Sister in the community—a widow, eighty-five years of age.

28*th*. Sister H.'s remains were carried early this morning into the little room connected with the church, there to remain till her burial. All go to see her for the last time.

Fräulein B. told me at dinner to-day that the Moravians are thinking of forming a community

in Switzerland, as the members of the several Societies there desire it very much.

The girls' room has been busy all day, making wreaths and garlands to deck the church to-morrow for the Brothers' Feast. The *Kleiner Saal*, too, has to be decorated, because they will dine there.

29*th*. At half-past six the trumpets were blown. We had only two morning classes, because of the feast. The girls' room was busy all the morning, adorning the church with plants and flowers, and festooning the table, which was covered with a white cloth, bound with pink, in honor of the unmarried Sisters, I suppose, as it is their color. The floor was strewn with fir. In the kitchen and bakehouse the Sisters were dreadfully busy preparing the dinner. I know what it was, for the same was served to me—rich sago soup, roast veal, potatoes, salad, stewed prunes, and chocolate cake. At three was the Love-feast, to which the Sisters were invited by the Brothers, and the girls' room too, because they made the wreaths. The school was not invited; so I asked Julie to

vesper with her cousin and me, as Hélène goes to-morrow.

The R.'s came to say good-bye: they return home to-morrow, and expressed a hope of seeing me, should I ever visit Strasburg. Fräulein von G. and Fräulein B. return to Basle on Sunday evening.

Service at half-past seven. A piece sung by the choir, and two or three verses by the congregation, after which the Inspector lectured on the text for the day. The ministers sit when they lecture, and stand when they preach. He mentioned that twenty thousand Moravian text-books are published yearly, in Germany alone.

30th. My birthday, which I have spent very happily. I rose, as usual, at a quarter-past five, and studied till breakfast. After French class, I found a table set in my room, loaded with presents. It was covered with a white cloth, which hung in graceful folds to the ground, festooned with delicate chains of heath. Around the edge of the table was a wreath of gay flowers, intermingled with asparagus sprigs; in the background, two bouquets and a geranium in full bloom; in the centre, a large al-

mond-tourte, and a sponge-cake lamb. The presents were—a choral-book, given me for papa and mamma; a work-basket, lined with pink silk, from Pauline and Louise; a little basket filled with moss, containing a cucumber (of soap), and a strawberry (emery pincushion), given for my brothers and sisters; "Thomas-à-Kempis" from Hélène; a marker from Elfride, a little bag from Emma L., a packet of envelopes from Julie; last in enumeration, but not in estimation, a netted necktie from Sister Z. I ran to tell Sister Z. what strange things I had found, and beg her to come and see them. She smiled, and said it must be the birthday of some one who lived in that room; they must be meant for her. Well, after some laughing, coaxing, and begging, I found out whom I had to thank for so many pretty things, and then ran off to the German class. Hélène went away at half-past eleven, with much regret, and I will not say it was not reciprocated. She is a very kind, affectionate girl, and a very serious-thinking one, too. At times we got into very nice conversation; and I think we may like

each other even more, now we are apart, than we did when together.

At two I had the great treat of drinking coffee with Sister Z. and Sister R., in the summer-house. Sister R. has been here two years; Sister Z. one. Sister Z. told me how when she arrived here she found her room decked with garlands, and how all the Sisters and school girls lined the passages, and sang verses of welcome.

At four came my best treat—a letter from home. Then I read, and walked in the garden with Louise. After supper walked up and down in front with Sister Z. till church, and read her the verses which were to be sung in the *Sing-Stunde:* she knew them all. Some of the Sisters know nearly the whole psalm-book by heart.

Sister H. was buried at four o'clock. The service began with a piece sung by the choir; then a verse or two was sung by the congregation. An address was then delivered by Brother C., after which he read the life of the deceased; another piece was then sung by the choir, and then another hymn; after which we

formed in procession and walked to the burial-ground, which they call "God's Acre." The Brothers went first, then the boys' school, then a dozen Brothers with trumpets, with which they played psalm tunes at intervals; then six more Brothers, bearing the coffin, which was covered with a white pall. Brother C. preceded it, and it was immediately followed by the mourning daughter, with Sister P., the Inspectress of the Widows'-house; then the other Sisters, the girls, and the school.

When we reached the ground, we all stood around, and Brother C. commenced the funeral service. There are two "Burial Litanies," as they are called; both begin with:—

"Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us!"

Then, after the Lord's Prayer, the first litany, which is in this respect most beautiful, continues thus:—

"Lord God, Son! thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us!
By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears,

By all the troubles of thy life,
By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thine ignominious crucifixion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension.
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy divine presence,
By thy coming again to thy Church on earth, or our being called home to thee,
Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

T. 83.

Christ is risen from the dead:
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour.
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live for ever.
Can the head forsake his limb,
And not draw me unto him?

All the remainder of the service is very beautiful. After singing the concluding psalm, we returned home. On the way, one more verse was solemnly played on the trumpets.

After the funeral, the choir received wine and cake in the dining-room, as usual. There was a litany in the church at half-past seven. Part

of it is sung. I saw, to-day, "The Pearl of Days," translated into German.

The Brothers must receive an university education, and be ordained, before they can preach. The Moravians have three ordinations—that of deacon, of presbyter, and of bishop.

Sept. 2d. Sister R. started to-day for Schaffhausen. I scarcely knew her in her bonnet—all the Sisters go about in caps.

I have heard from dear William. He starts from Heidelburg to-morrow week. He cannot come to see me, I am sorry to find, though he would enjoy doing so.

While I was having my music-lesson to-day, a poor little Black Forest boy, without shoes or hat, came into the room, offering bilberries for sale. Brother C. happening just then to come in, saw him, and immediately sent Lydia to find an old hat for the poor little fellow, who, when it was brought him, put it on himself with a look of much pleasure. When I returned from my lesson, I found the same boy sitting in the hall, eating, with very good relish, a bowlful of fragments that had been given him. Whatever is left here at dinner and supper is given to any

of the poor who happen to be sitting in the hall, either with things to sell, or purposely for what they can get.

Sister B. arrived this evening, and Pauline is happiness itself. The girls' room is busy preparing wreaths for the Married People's Feast, on Sunday. There was a thick white fog this morning.

6th. I have been spending the evening with dear Sister Z. She asked me if I knew all the days on which the several choirs celebrate their festivals. I knew the *Kinder Fest*, or Children's Feast, on the 17th of August; the *Schwestern Fest*, or Sisters' Feast, on the 4th of May; the *Ehe Fest*, or Married People's Feast, on the 7th of September; the *Mädchen Fest*, or Girls' Feast, on the 4th of June; and the *Brüder Fest*, or Brothers' Feast, on the 29th of August.

To these she added the *Witwer Fest*, or Widowers' Feast, on the 31st of August; the *Witwen Fest*, or Widows' Feast, on the 30th of April; and the *Knaben Fest*, or boys' Feast, on the 9th of July. She also told me that there is a *Liebesmahl*, or Love-feast, about this time of the year, for all the Brothers and Sisters who

hold any official situation—such as those who form the choir, those who play the trumpets, the clergyman, and other Brothers who assist in the services, the organist, those who keep the church in order, the superintendents, inspectors, and inspectresses. At this *Liebesmahl*, which is held on the last Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, they have coffee and cakes; and when the verses given out by the officiating minister have been sung, they eat and drink, and he asks questions concerning the church and its affairs, and the Brothers answer, or make remarks, or relate appropriate anecdotes. Meanwhile, the Sisters converse together in low tones on similar subjects.

We made wreaths to day to dress a table for the Inspector and Inspectress to-morrow.

7th. At nine o'clock this morning we went to sing verses of benediction on the married people, who were at morning prayers in the church. It is the widowers' festival also to-day, as there are so few of them here. At half-past two was the Love-feast, which lasted till four; but I regret to say we did not sing our piece at all well after all our practising. All

the married Sisters were in black, with white shawls and aprons. The church was strewed with fir, plants were placed in the windows, and the desk covering bound with a blue ribbon, and garlanded with flowers. In the afternoon, Sister Z. took me with her to congratulate the Inspector and Inspectress, and see their table. The dahlia wreath was magnificent—their servant had sat up two nights to make it; and a fine large sponge-cake in the centre of the table was likewise a present from her. Little Bernhard and Gertrude had signed a copy of verses written for them on the occasion.

Sister M.'s visitors are arriving; she has asked nearly fifty. The dining-room is being lighted up, the long tables are formed into a square, with plenty of good things on them. I have had no business there, and have only peeped in now and then; but Pauline and Louise are to make tea and carry it round. They are now singing a grace or benediction. At five o'clock, an address was made to the whole community, by Brother S., who takes charge of the Home Mission in Wirtemberg. The Moravians are equally interested in mission-

work at home and abroad; their object is not to persuade people to join them, but to teach them to know the Saviour, urge them to read their Bible, and attend their parish church constantly.

At half-past seven the *Ehe-chor*—the choir or class of married people—received the Communion.

8*th*. The married people had a thanksgiving service this morning. After the lecture, I went with Sister Z. to see the ovens in the forest. They are built of large flat stones, laid one on the other, and well plastered over. Then we rambled on beside a little brooklet which gurgled on so sweetly over its rocky bed, that we frequently paused to listen to it; and then continued our ramble along a narrow, mossy forest-path, chatting as we went, and now and then stopping to gather a stray blackberry or bilberry. Hay was being made in the meadows below us—it smelt so sweet. The poor cows, that have been shut up in their stalls ever since this time last year, and fed on grass cut and brought to them, will now be allowed to go into the pastures and crop for themselves.

9th. Sister L. and the girls have been busy making flags for the boys, who are to have their *Kartoffel Fest* to-morrow. The flags are half red and half yellow, with a Swiss one, red with a white cross. At four o'clock, all the girls belonging to the Grand Duchy of Baden treated themselves to a vesper of chocolate and cakes, in honor of the Grand Duke's birthday. While walking in the garden, after vesper, I was amused to see one of the Sisters perched in an apple-tree, gathering the fruit. They do all the work of the garden, without any assistance from men.

10th. Got up at half-past five. The mornings are now beginning to be dusky, and I feel more inclined to be lazy; but I wish to continue rising at a quarter-past five as long as I can. At half-past eight we all went to the *Kinder Stunde.* Brother S. made it as interesting as possible, to fix the attention of the boys, which was likely to stray away to their feast in the afternoon. He spoke of the different deities that have been, and still are, adored in different parts of the world, and of the love we ought to show to the one true God and Saviour.

At one, Brother W. came with some one to fetch a great basket of potatoes, which was carried off, together with a huge copper kettle and some frying-pans, in a light cart. At half-past one, the beating of drums called us to the windows; the boys were marching round the "Place" in military order, headed by Brother S., bearing a Bavarian flag—a white star on an azure field. Their military dress is a brown holland jacket and trowsers, a belt, and a sword, or something to resemble one. The Inspectress invited Sister Z. to join the party. At supper she amused us with an account of the feast. All sorts of things were cooked, including pancakes. Then a standard was stolen, and recovered in military fashion, which was highly amusing. They all returned at seven o'clock.

PART II.

LOUISE brought me a silver thistle from Stockburg this afternoon, where, she says, she saw numbers growing by the way. It is a handsome flower with a brown and gray downy centre, and bright silvery petals, which are as stiff and shiny as a piece of cane. At a distance, it resembles a large passion-flower. It contains a sort of choke, which is tolerably nice to eat.

Sept. 12*th.* "The Feast of Potatoes" is over! This morning we had our French lesson, as usual, and had no thought of the festival till we heard the Inspector's step in the corridor, and then his voice in the teachers' room. When the class was over, however, a murmur went round that the treat would take place in the afternoon. Still the lessons went on quietly till eleven, at which hour the Bible class ended; and then the Inspector informed us of the plan, and added,

that, in order to give us time for our preparations, the lessons were concluded. This was the signal for a general rejoicing, and I fear we did not set our stools under the table very quietly, or in very good order.

Business commenced with our converting our dinner-napkins into cooking aprons; and then there was a general muster of cooking utensils. At one o'clock the procession left the house: some carried baskets of plates and cups; others, coffee and milk-jugs; then came some loaded with stewing and frying-pans. I had a great basin of flour and eggs to convey to the scene of action. Then there was an enormous basket of potatoes to carry; a large supply of rolls, butter, sugar, apples, plums, spice, wine, coffee, and a great pan of dough. Some provided themselves with chocolate and almonds on their own account. Six teachers went with us. We all wore our white aprons and neat little white neckerchiefs. When we reached the playground in the forest, we divided the ovens among us, one to each party of eight or nine; and near each oven we set up a temporary bench and table. Elfride, Julie, Emma, Auguste, Mathilde,

Anna, Marguerite, and I, formed one of these parties, and, in our own opinions, cooked famously, with a little assistance from the Inspector's servant, with whose aid we made pancakes, fritters with sauce, apple-fritters, *goldschnitten* (*i. e.* light bread fried in batter, and eaten with sugar and cinnamon), stewed apples, stewed plums, baked potatoes, &c. At other stoves, other varieties of dishes were dressed; and the first of each variety was served up to the teachers and visitors. There were the Inspector and Inspectress, the doctor, his wife and children, the clergyman's wife, and Sister B.'s cousin; and for all these grandees we spread a fair white cloth under a shady tree, where they seemed to enjoy what we brought them. Some of the teachers were very busy in assisting us, especially Sister K., who made delicious gophers. The coffee, milk, and potatoes, were all boiled at a large central stove, and liberally dispensed, with rolls, till each had partaken and was sufficed.

Various games succeeded the feast; and we all merrily returned from the forest at half-past seven. You may imagine we did not want any

supper, but were tired enough to go to bed early; and thus ended the Feast of Potatoes!

13*th.* Gabrielle, the little French girl from B., who says she is to stay here six years, gave me a handful of wild crocuses and gentians to-day; the former are pale lilac, the latter deep blue purple. The asters, mallows, dahlias, and balsams in the garden are beautiful now. The stocks, which were very fine, are going off; but there still are geraniums, sweat-peas, candytuft, convolvulus, etc. I heard from dear Miss M. to-day. Thank God, she is better. She is interested in hearing I keep a journal. I have promised her a sample of it some day.

When the Inspector came in to give us the history-lecture this morning, Julie rose and thanked him, in the name of the whole school, for our pleasant treat yesterday.

Sunday, 14*th.* This is the hundred-years' anniversary of the boys' school at Neuwied; the jubilee was to last from yesterday till to-morrow. At nine I went to Sister Z., who is not well, in her room, to repeat the hymn she had desired me to learn; and then she gave me another. It is very nice to know a good many,

because we very often go to church without taking our hymn-books, and then the clergyman does not always repeat the verse to be sung, but begins singing it, and the congregation have to take it up. Sister M.'s marriage is to take place to-morrow evening.

15*th*. I have been writing to papa and mamma. Supped alone, because Sister M. has been supping with Sister Z. and Sister R. A sister about to be married always sups before the ceremony with the two Inspectresses of the Sisters'-house. The service was at half-past seven, and was performed by the bridegoom's father. The bride and bridegroom sat on chairs in front of the desk. We began by singing some verses; then the texts for the day were read, after which Pastor R. addressed the couple about to be united, admonishing them very touchingly and feelingly, and in a truly parental manner. At the conclusion of his address, he gave out another hymn; and then, while all stood, he went to the bridal pair, and addressed to them the same questions which form part of our own marriage service. After this he joined their hands, and said in a solemn voice:—

"God has heard your promise; and I, as His minister, unite you in marriage, before the assembled community."

They then knelt, and when he had repeated the appointed prayer, he laid his hands on them, and blessed them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The ceremony concluded with another hymn; and on leaving the church, Brother R. accompanied his bride to what I may call the Sisters' vestry, where the pink ribbon in her cap was exchanged for the blue one of a married woman.

16*th*. *Diener Fest*, "the Ministers' Feast,"—the feast, that is, of those who wait on, *i. e.*, minister to the rest. It is kept because, on this day, a hundred and fifteen years ago, when the ministers of the community were assembled in London, to consider who should be their head, they came to the unanimous conclusion that Jesus (who has said, "Call no man master," and "ye call me Lord and Master, and do well") could alone govern and lead them aright, and determined to look on Him as their Elder, and be under His immediate guidance in all things.

On this occasion they are accustomed to drink coffee together at the clergyman's house; they have not done so to-day, however, because Sister M. gave her wedding party this afternoon. Sister Z. and Sister R. were among the guests; and also Lenchen, who waits on them. How strange that would seem in England! A mistress sit at table with her servant? Among the Moravians, it is quite simple; because each knows his or her relative position, and fulfils it without the least embarrassment to himself or others. Besides which, all are brothers and sisters, among whom a friendly family feeling is established, from the highest to the lowest. It does not prevent respect, where due, from being shown to its full extent.

There are such numbers of water-wagtails here, that I mean to try to tame some of them, if I can, by strewing bread-crumbs for them. Only, I am afraid the greater part will be eaten by the great fat crows; and *they* don't require taming. They walk about among the fowls in the poultry yard, picking up their food as coolly as possible; and then march up and down in front of the windows like so many policemen.

17*th.* Mathilde H. is as happy as possible, her mother has come from Strasburg to see her. During the singing-hour, this evening, Brother C. proposed that as the newly-married couple were about to leave us, to enter on their new duties, we should sing a verse for them, asking a blessing on their missionary labors. I saw Sister M. (that was) at the door; she looked so pretty in the blue ribbon!

Louise and I, and sometimes Pauline, generally walk up and down the long corridor before church, because it is now too dusk to see to do any thing, and yet it is not worth while to have candles lit for so short a time. The lamps are lighted in the corridor; and, as we pace up and down, we have such nice little chats! and many others come from their rooms and follow our example, so that it is quite cheerful.

The following is the routine of the day. At half-past five, the teachers walk through the long dormitory, where forty girls are snugly napping in their little white beds, and call aloud, *Steht auf!* or *Levez-vous!* which call is promptly obeyed. The toilettes are so briskly performed, that soon after six they sit down to

"first breakfast;" after which, both rooms meet together for morning prayers, which are French or German on alternate days, according as it may be the day of the French or the German teacher. From seven to half-past seven is "preparation time;" then the French class. At half-past eight the "second breakfast"—a slice of bread and butter. Three several classes fill up the time from nine to twelve; then dinner; after which, either a walk, or exercise in the garden. From two to four, work, music, drawing, etc. At four, vesper—*i. e.* bread and butter or fruit. Till five, walking or exercise in the garden again. From five till half-past six, preparation of lessons; then supper. At half-past seven, service in church; on returning from which there is occasionally time for doing a little, but generally we prepare for bed.

19*th.* It has rained almost all day, and has been so chilly that Sister Z. ordered a fire in my room—not an English fire of cheerful, blazing coal, but of wood, shut up out of sight in a stove. The stoves are covered externally with earthenware tiles of various colors: mine is marbled, brown and white. It is raised from the floor on

square stone slabs, set up on edge; and the space thus left is used for keeping a supply of wood for feeding the fire, which is laid in the square hole in the side, and shut in with a little iron door. In this door there is another tiny one, about an inch broad, which is left open to cause a draught; and through it one sees the glowing embers. The door in front incloses a space in which water, coffee, etc., can be heated; and things can be kept warm in the holes above.

To-night, Moravian reports were read. They are written by the members of the Elders' conference at Berthelsdorf, and sent from there to all the communities, to let them know what their Brethren are doing all over the world: for example, what "calls" have been made; to whom, and for what purpose; what marriages and deaths have occurred; what missionaries sent out, etc.

20*th*. Pauline's birth-day. She had a very good table. From the girls' room (to which she belongs) she received a white silk neck-handkerchief; from an aunt who has been staying here, a handsome winter dress of woollen plaid; "Thomas-à-Kempis," with her name and the

date in gold letters on the cover, from the two sisters Bertha and Clara G.; the Reise-Psalter from Louise and me; a neck-ribbon from Elfride; a basket of Apples from Lydia, etc. She drank chocolate with Sister Z. After dinner, Louise brought me a heart-cake from Pauline, with a friendly greeting. She had given them all round in the girls' room.

Frau H. invited eight of the girls to vesper with her and Mathilde at the inn before she left; and sweet little Marguerite, the youngest in the house, was of the number. She is a dear little thing, and very lovely; like what I should fancy a little Turkish child. This afternoon there was a Love-feast and the Holy Communion for the widows of the community; on Sunday, the unmarried Sisters will receive it. The verses at the singing-hour this evening were a thanksgiving for the happy marriage of the Grand Duke of Baden with the Princess Louisa of Prussia; and when we had sung the first three, the Inspector offered a prayer in their behalf, and then we went on.

Pauline's aunt rather amused me yesterday. When I came into the room after attending one

of the classes, I found her here, talking with Sister Z. at the Missionary drawer. As I entered, Sister Z. said—

"Oh, here is Beatrice herself."

On which the old lady, turning briskly round, said to me in a sharp, quick tone—

"Good bye!"

And then looked elated, as much as to say, "There now! you see I can speak English." I was so much surprised, that I did not immediately perceive she meant "Good morning," and said, "Are you going?"

Sunday, 21*st*. At half-past eight said my verses to Sister Z. Sermon at ten. After dinner we walked in the garden; then Louise and I read some of Pauline's Reise-Psalter together; it is a very beautiful little book. At two there was a service for the Black Foresters; and at five the Litany. In the evening the Sisters received the Communion.

Louise watches to-night with Sister K. When she goes at midnight to fetch her coffee from the closet, she will be agreeably surprised to find with it a piece of plum tart I reserved for her

View of the City of Neuwied from Weissenthurn, on the Rhine.

from my supper. She will look in on me in the middle of the night.

22*d*. Sister Z. has been reading to me letters from Neuwied. The Jubilee passed off extremely well. An immense concourse of visitors flocked thither from all quarters — England, Scotland, Holland, and Switzerland. The church was crowded to excess. The services were beautiful, and attended with such a blessing that many pronounced them quite heavenly. One young man declared the three days they lasted seemed to him to have been spent in heaven. The Princess congratulated the Inspector in person.

We are talking of Christmas already. Emma G. tells me that each girl may give one of her school-fellows a Christmas present of the value of a gulden, and they draw lots to see who is to give to whom: then, all write down their wishes on paper, and their wishes are attended to by the donor as closely as circumstances permit.

We had herring salad for supper.

23*d*. John's birthday, which I celebrated by inviting Louise to drink coffee with me. While talking of the church services, Louise related to

me the following anecdote. There is a prayer in the Litany for deliverance from thunder and *hail-storms*, and it appeared some time ago to a Moravian Missionary in Africa to be an unsuitable prayer, as hail-storms were unknown there. He therefore resolved to discontinue it; but the very first Sunday the omission was made, a terrible hail-storm came on, and the prayer has never since been left out.

I have acquired a host of new relations today. Jeanne K., a little girl from Alsace, begged me to be, in school parlance, her aunt. I acceded to her wish, and found I immediately became the daughter of Julie, who is Jeanne's grandmother, and the sister of Emma, who is her mother.

24*th*. Emma mentioned to-day that the people go about in sledges here during the winter, and promised to show me those belonging to the school. They are little and light, capable of holding two, and of course can only be used going downhill, as the Inspector does not keep a stud for the use of the school: They have a party in the Economy-room this evening, in honor of Sister H.'s birthday. I have seen her

table: she has received a Sister's pink ribbon, an apron, a white silk handkerchief, and some smaller presents.

I am reading "Amy Herbert" in German: it is a beautiful little tale. Poor Amy's anxiety about her mamma made me think of my own dear mamma till the tears forced themselves into my eyes at the thought of how many miles lay between us. A prayer for her and dear papa's health and welfare rose to my lips. I hope papa will write soon—I feel a little home-sick.

27*th.* The King of Wirtemberg's birthday; on which account, the girls who are his subjects clubbed together to have a treat. There are six Swiss girls here, who also have a national festival to celebrate, in honor of Staufacher, Furst, and Melchthal, who formed a league with thirty of their countrymen against Austria in 1308.

29*th.* *Engel Fest, i. e.* "St. Michael and all Angels." This is a children's festival, because angels are especially their guardians. The first service, which was at half-past eight, began with some beautiful singing, and then Brother H.

read the 91st Psalm, and the Gospel narrative of the deliverance of Peter from prison by an angel. At ten, we again went to church, and the Inspector gave a beautiful lecture on the ministry of angels, and then prayed. Before dinner, we had a walk: after dinner, Louise told me some nuns from Villingen were going over the house, and were then in the dormitories, and said that if I wished to see them, I could accompany her to fetch something from her wardrobe. We ran up stairs, and met them at the door, just as they were coming out. They looked very pleasant and friendly. Their dress was a full, long robe, a small shawl left open in front to display a white chemisette, and a black silk cap nearly covering the forehead. They looked very much like young clergymen. In the afternoon, I wrote my theme on Belshazzar's Feast for the German class. At supper, Sister Z. and Sister R. related many amusing stories. There was a beautiful church service afterwards; and when I wished Sister Z. goodnight, I found she and Sister R. were again going to church, to drink "the cup of covenant," which is partaken of to-night by all who have

charge of children. It was too cold to-day for us to wear our white dresses.

Oct. 1*st.* Sister Z. very busy with her quarterly accounts: all the sisters have to settle with her for their board, lodging, washing, etc.

3*d.* I have seen the Alps. While we were walking in the plantation, after vesper, Louise S. suddenly exclaimed, "The Alps! the Alps!" There was a general halt, and all eyes were turned with interest towards the horizon on our right, and there, stretching far above the forest trees, and standing out in bold relief from the clear blue sky, were the snow-clad mountains, varying in tint from brilliant white to pale grey. Pauline says the transparency of the atmosphere, which permits them to be seen here, portends rain. Well! I shall not think the pleasure of seeing them too dearly bought by a few wet days. I could have gazed and mused on them for an hour, but there was no time for that—Sister E. hurried us onward with "*Avancez! avancez!*" I thought she missed an opportunity of favorably impressing us: but to her, probably, they are no novelties—she may have seen them a hundred times during the eight

years she has lived here, and has most likely forgotten all about her first impressions.

Speaking of the Alps reminds me of a story we read in the French class this morning, of a young shepherd who guided Napoleon and his army across St. Bernard. From his conversation, Napoleon gleaned that his young companion was ambitious as well as himself, and limited his wishes to nothing less than a handsome *châlet*, surrounded by some acres of land, a good stock of cattle, and the hand of Theresa, the pearl of the canton. On returning to his village, when dismissed by Bonaparte, the young shepherd found, to his amazement, every thing prepared for the fulfilment of his wishes, through the benevolent intervention of Napoleon, who doubtless enjoyed the idea of his surprise.

4th. Brother P., the old letter-carrier, died this morning. Maria W., of the girls' room, met him and spoke to him only a few minutes before he was struck with paralysis. Singularly enough, his daughter-in-law and her sister arrived here from N. only the day before yesterday, to pay the settlement a visit, and were

breakfasting with Sister Z. and Sister R. when the affliction occurred. Of course they were immediately summoned.

I have now finished knitting my first pair of stockings, and shall begin a pair of woollen ones for the winter. The rain Pauline foreboded has not come.

5th. Such a delightful day! bright and warm as summer. There is some talk of taking advantage of this fine weather by having an excursion this week. We had a long walk this afternoon in the forest, where we strayed about, gathering bilberries, and afterwards rested on a bench in the plantation. Sister K. told us how Sister B. has undertaken the sole charge of the school for the Black Forest children, and how she interests herself in them generally. She is an old lady, but very brisk and clever. She seems to have taken a great fancy to me; I often go up to play to her, and see her canaries. The forest now abounds with magnificent red and white funguses—some of them round, like balls, others spread out as wide as cheese-plates.

At supper all sorts of wonderful stories were told; among others, Sister R. related how that

there is a large sum of money concealed somewhere in her father's house. It was hidden there by her grandfather during the war, and his sudden death, caused by a paralytic stroke, which deprived him at once of speech and movement, prevented his family from ascertaining where he had placed it, though he evidently tried hard to express by words and signs where it was to those assembled around his bed. "Three times," says Sister R., "has the old man appeared to my mother in a dream, telling her the treasure is hidden under the stove; and we have repeatedly urged my father to seek for it there, but to no purpose, though he constantly promised it; but, in the first place, the stove is of a peculiar construction, and he fears to damage it; in the second, he dreads being laughed at, should the treasure not be found. Certain it is, however, that somewhere about the house a large sum of money is concealed."

6th. Old Brother P., the letter-carrier, was buried at four o'clock. The old man had for years been letter-carrier to the community, and during his daily journeys between Königsfeld and Villingen, had made so many friends among

the Black Foresters, that they assembled in unusual numbers to attend his funeral. When we were collected in front of the church, to form in procession to the burial-ground, the Inspector gave out, in a clear, loud voice, the hymn to be sung before starting; and I think nothing could be more beautiful than the strain which then floated through the air, as one after another took it up, till it reached me, when I immediately joined, and the deep, solemn tones of the trumpets blended harmoniously with our voices. I never before noticed the peculiar form of the coffin; it is shaped somewhat like an ark, and is much larger than those used in England.

7th. As warm as a mild summer day. I have finished working a collar for Sister R. and have taken it to Sister Z. to ask her whether she thought it good enough for the purpose. She said she was sure Sister R. would be very much pleased with it, and told me to go to the laundry and tell F. myself to get it up nicely by to-morrow, that I may have time to cut it out and tack it on colored paper before Thursday, *i. e.* Sister R.'s birthday.

8th. Sister Z. has prepared such a beautiful basket of grapes for Sister R.'s table! She has tastefully mixed the bright red leaves of the wild-grape creeper on the church walls with the noble white and purple clusters of fruit. This is not a vine district.

The *Kinder Stunde* (Children's meeting) was held in French to-day. We sang from the French edition of the Moravian hymn-book, and then some missionary reports of the South-Sea Islands were read. The first children's meeting in the month is always held in French.

9th. Sister R.'s birthday. The Sisters sang her to sleep last night. While I was yet in the land of dreams this morning, Pauline and Louise awoke me, soon after five o'clock, and lighted my candle, for it was quite dark, and at half-past five we went to sing Sister R. up. The girls' room and a good many Sisters were there: the verses were selected by Sister Z. The birthday table is beautiful, and the room is decorated with bouquets and flowers, in pots, including an egg-plant. L. made the wreaths for the curtains and the table. Sister R. gave her birthday party, to all the grandees of the place, at a quar-

ter-past four. I supped with her and Sister Z. off wine soup and veal patties. Sister R. gave the school a vesper of heart-cakes. The teachers, too, had a party in their room; so the festivity was general.

On returning from church, Sister Z. took Sister R. into her room, leaving the door a little open. Immediately Sister B., Sister K., Pauline, L., a sister of hers, and Sister C., formed themselves in a semi-circle outside the door, and began singing a concerted piece, as beautiful as it was unexpected. Doors flew open, and Sisters looked out in surprise, and the corridor was soon filled with delighted auditors. As soon as the singing was over, Sister R. came out, warmly shook hands all round the semi-circle, and thanked them for the unexpected treat they had given her.

Then the young Sisters and the girls' room sat down to tea and cakes, at tables placed round three sides of the room; and we formed quite an imposing-looking company. Amalie poured out the tea, and Louise handed it round. Sister Z. and Sister R., you may be sure, looked in on us, and had a kind word and look for each.

They did the same in every room. We knitted and chatted till ten o'clock; then Sister L. took out her little *Biblia*, or packet of texts, and drew one for each of us, which she read aloud, and then one for the whole company. Sister C.'s was a very suitable one; it seemed to refer to the "call" she has had to become teacher at Gnadenberg. Before breaking up, we sang a hymn together, and then those not resident in the house hastened to their homes, and we to our beds, I just looking in on dear Sister Z. by the way, to tell her how all had passed off. It was very sweet to hear the hymn of praise taken up by one room after another, as the several companies separated. How music is mingled with every incident of Moravian life!—welling forth in unexpected little gushes of harmony at every turn!

I went to the Inspectress this afternoon, to ask if I might invite the first room to go to Stockburg to-morrow, to keep my birthday with me. She willingly acceded, and I then expressed my hope that she and the Inspector would join us, which she said they would do with great pleasure. I then returned and in-

vited Pauline, Louise, Sister K., Sister E., and Sister B., and I wish I could add Sister Z., and Sister R. too, but they start to-morrow for D.

11*th*. A delicious day, and so warm! We started for Stockburg at two, taking with us a large basket filled with new rolls, biscuits, coffee, and sugar, and when we reached the cottage, the good old woman boiled plenty of milk for us. The Inspectress kindly assisted her to make the coffee, and I carried off the coffee-pots and milk-jugs as they were filled. I do not know whether to dignify by the name of kitchen a space twelve feet by eight, furnished with a flat stone oven with a hole at the top to fix a metal pan in, a rough wooden table fastened against the wall, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. The Inspectress was indefatigable in her exertions; and after we had tired ourselves with various active games, we assembled round the Inspector, who read us a story, and at half-past five we returned home, singing as we went. There were twenty-four of us, and the old woman's charge for milk, house-room, use of fire, cups, and spoons, was fourteen pence.

12*th.* At *Gemein Fest* (the anniversary of the consecration of the church), Fräulein von W. is to be received into the community. She has been residing here some time waiting for permission to become a member. It is never given till the candidate has resided awhile among the Moravians, attending their services, and making acquaintance with their customs. Then, if the party still wishes to be admitted, they pray for guidance and draw lots—which I think are simply inscribed "yes" and "no," because after the conference last Thursday, Fräulein von W. came to sister Z., and inquired, with some anxiety, "Is it yes?" to which she replied, with gladness, "It is yes."

Brother H., who left his Swiss farm to settle near the community, supped here after seeing Sister R., probably to speak about one of his daughters, who is to be received into the community on the 13th of next month. Pauline also will be received on that day.

14*th.* Yesterday morning, when I went over to practise at the Inspector's, the Inspectress told me there was going to be an excursion, and if I wished to join it, I had better run back and

get my dinner, as they were to start at twelve. When I returned, I found the girls in great excitement about it; and at twelve we were all ready to start, each with a roll in her pocket. The Inspector and Inspectress joined us, and we set off in the highest spirits. It was a lovely day, and we enjoyed our walk through the Stelle Wald, and across the heaths, if I may so call them, where the forest has been cleared. About half-past one we reached the village of Neuhausen, where the party divided; the Inspector taking the head of one division, and proceeding to Kappel, the Inspectress going on with the others to Obereschach. Our walk led us quite over the tops of the mountains, which are beautifully undulating, and carpeted with the freshest green, generally pasture-land, but also patches of cabbages, turnips, etc., cultivated by the peasants of the scattered villages.

Kappel is a most picturesque little spot, high up on the mountains, and partly hidden by trees, out of which peeps a very foreign-looking Roman Catholic chapel. We halted at the inn, where the Inspector refreshed himself with a cigar, and we amused ourselves, while waiting

for our coffee, with the following stanzas inscribed over the inn-door:—

"Solche Leute liebe ich
Die freundlich discuriren,
Essen, trinken, zahlen mich,
Und friedlich abmarschiren."

"Such people do I like alway,
Who amicably say their say,
Then eat and drink, their score do pay,
And walk contentedly away."

At four, we continued our walk towards Obereschach, where we were to join the others. Here I headed a party to see the church; and, as there were two Roman Catholic girls with us, they explained whatever we did not understand. There were fourteen pictures round the walls, which, they said, represented the fourteen stations in Christ's sufferings, from his being led before Pilate to his burial. There were two glass cases containing the skeletons of saints, richly ornamented with gold and silver. I could not make out the saints' names. The dress of the women in this village differs a little from that worn in our neighborhood—the black cap does not fit so closely to the head, neither

are they so good-looking as the women hereabouts, who have, generally speaking, fresh colors, blue eyes, and very white teeth, which they show a good deal.

We had a delightful moonlight walk home. Our way led us far, far through the forest, and was very romantic. Our spirits were as buoyant as when we started, and we found something fresh to admire at every step. All at once Louise P. drew me aside, and told me, with an awe-stricken air, that she and Lea felt very fearful of passing through that part of the wood, because her brother had told her, a few days before, that about three weeks ago, the Inspector was called up at midnight by the watchman, who said he had heard cries of "Help! help!" in the forest; and that the Inspector and all the masters and boys had gone out early the next morning into the forest; and had found a pool of blood, which they carefully covered up with earth, that none of the Sisters or girls coming that way might be frightened, and that the boys were forbidden to speak of what they had seen under penalty of the severest punishment; but that, nevertheless, young P. had told Louise,

and she had told Lea and me. It was just such a story as suited the occasion, for it was not probable enough to alarm me very much, but only sufficient to give me a little thrill. But I could not help noticing, though I kept my remark to myself, that the Inspector, contrary to his custom, *invariably* accompanied the songs with which the girls were beguiling the way with his deep, powerful voice during this part of our progress, as if to give notice to any evil-disposed persons among the trees that ours was not an *exclusively* female party. "But, what of that?" I ask myself now. I dare say the delicious evening, and the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, prompted him to join in the song of praise.

Brother Bonatz, a missionary from Africa, arrived here to-day, and gave us an interesting account, this evening, of the mission in Caffraria, which was begun under great difficulties in 1828, for the Caffres are a terribly warlike race, thinking of little but pillage and revenge, or of increasing their vast herds of cattle. However, there are now several flourishing Moravian settlements among them, and many Caffres, old

and young, are inquiring after the truth, and anxious to be baptized. In many respects, they are a noble-hearted race, and when converted, this clearly evinces itself in their characters. Their treatment of their cattle shows much of the same affection for them that an Arab feels for his horse. They never strike them, and when a calf dies they stuff it and place it near the mother, that she may not immediately perceive her loss. The Caffres have harmonious voices, and Brother B. says nothing can be more beautiful than to hear them sing the Moravian hymns that have been translated for them. He read aloud some verses in the Caffre tongue to us: it is, to my ear, a rich and mellow-sounding language.

15*th*. The King of Prussia's birthday, in honor of which I have been drinking tea with Sister Z. and Sister R., both of whom are Prussians. This morning I ran into the garden, and hastily gathered some Michaelmas-daisies, China-asters, heartseases, double-camomiles, etc., which I formed into a wreath, and carried to Sister Z., saying, "This is in honor of your king's birthday!" She thanked and kissed me, and then

hung it round the transparency of the King of Prussia.

19*th. Gemein Fest.* The trumpets sounded to announce the festival at seven o'clock. The first service was at half-past eight; we commenced it with singing, after which Brother C. made the festival address, as it is called, alluding to the consecrating of this church on the heights of the Black Forest forty-five years ago. After this he prayed; and then four female members were received into the community—two of them widows. The liturgy for receiving members was sung, after Brother C. had addressed them. First, the choir sings, saying the Brethren receive them into their body in the name of Jesus Christ, the King of their Church that they may take up their cross with Him and follow Him. Then the minister sings, "May He give you His kiss of peace!"—(here Sister Z., Sister R., Sister C., and Sister P., who had come forward while the choir sang, and placed themselves opposite the candidates, kissed them)—"unto the thorough enjoyment of his salvation, as a seal of His faithfulness and of our fellowship."

The community then sings, "We give you our hand"—(here the four above-named Sisters, as representatives of their choirs, shook hands with the candidates)—"and may the Lord whom you confess make your life in the community a joy to Himself and to you! May the God of peace make you holy! Serve Him in His kingdom! Let body, soul, and spirit remain pure unto the day of judgment!" The service concluded with another prayer.

At ten, was the sermon. Brother S. preached beautifully. At half-past two was the Love-feast. All who are going to receive the Sacrament to-night are dressed in black to-day, and the Sisters wear white shawls and aprons. Such of us as have white mantillas or shawls put them on too, but it is not absolutely necessary. At four was a Communion for such as cannot attend the later one. The aged Sister P. went to it; and, when she returned, she paid a visit to almost every room down here (she seldom gets down stairs); and, as I bowed on passing her in the corridor, I was rather amused at hearing the answer to her inquiry of "Who is that?"—"That is the *Miss*." There

are no other Misses here, because I am the only English girl.

Half-past eight. We have just returned from receiving the Sacrament. We went early, and the sweet and solemn sounds of the trumpets filled the air for some time before the service began. The church was rather dimly lighted with oil lamps, instead of candles. The service proceeded as I have described on a former occasion. Before going to church we had assembled in the music-room, to pray and sing together, then kissed and shook hands with one another, asking forgiveness for any fault we had committed or pain we had occasioned. Fredrica H. wept much, and seemed deeply affected.

20*th.* This afternoon Sister Z., Sister R., a large party of Sisters, two or three of the girls' room, and I, started for the *Fuchsloch* (Fox's Hole), a romantic spot about four miles from here. On our way we looked into a mill where flax was rolled. Two women were occupied in turning over the fibrous mass on a flat stone table, round which an enormous stone, of the shape of a sugar-loaf, revolved with such rapidity that if the women had not been very

dexterous in their movements, their arms must inevitably have been crushed—a disaster that occasionally happens. We saw a most interesting-looking girl breaking stones by the roadside with her mother—it seemed an unsuitable labor for women. Sister B. asked her if she could read, and gave her a tract.

The Fox's Hole is a very narrow forest valley, through which a most beautiful gurgling brook runs among moss-grown stones. We descended into the valley by a precipitous track, and crossed the brook as best we could, skipping from stone to stone; and, when we were again on the heights, we halted to look down on the picturesque little village of Fischbach, which lay below, embosomed in the trees. Just beyond us, on the rising ground, was Singingen. When Sister Z., Sister R., and one or two of the steady ones, who had preferred making a round to tempting the dangers of the Fox's Hole, had rejoined us, we sat down and merrily ate whatever we could produce from our pockets and bags, whether sandwiches, bread, or apples. And then the younger ones were not too tired to display their agility in va-

rious games and racings, in which, I am not ashamed to say, I took part. On our return homewards, we frequently turned round to look at the Rauhe Alp, which struck me as well deserving its name, for vast tracts of it appear to be sterile.

23*rd.* We have just returned from the Bible-reading. I think it is a very good plan that is adopted here, of reading a good many chapters together, it gives a much more comprehensive view of the subject than when passages are read without connection.

24*th.* This evening, Sister M.'s little girl was baptized. She is called Lydia Charlotte. After we had sung a hymn, Brother C. made a short address on the subject of Baptism, and then the baptismal service was said and sung. In this service (or *liturgy*, as all the printed services are called), three questions are put to the children of the congregation:

"What is baptism?"

"Can children partake of this grace?"

"On what hope is this founded?"

The answer to the last is, "On Christ's words, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" etc.;

on which the child is brought in by a Sister appointed to do so, who gives it to the father, who holds it at the desk during the remainder of the service. The minister raises the metal jug from the basin which has been placed before him, and pours water three times on the heart of the child, with the words, "I baptize thee, N. N., into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Here the minister, the godfathers, and the godmothers, lay their hands on the child, and the service proceeds. At its conclusion the minister lays his hand on the child's head, and says, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

The children are laid upon small pillows, and packed up so trimly as to look very much like a prettily ornamented pillow with pink bows and lace; the only sign of an animate object being a tiny head with a little red face reposing at one end of it!

25th. A letter from home that made me very

happy! Sister Z. brought it me herself, and sympathized with me in my pleasure.

There was a rehearsal to-day of "The Messiah," which is to be sung to-morrow afternoon in the church. Fourteen of *us* sing, and nine Sisters and twelve Brothers.

26*th*. I felt unhappy this morning. I was undecided in my mind whether I ought to take part in the singing this afternoon. It did not appear to me right that it should take place on a Sunday, and in a church. But then again I thought, "Surely such good people as I know the Moravians to be would not with one accord take part in any thing wrong, nor would their ministers sanction it. Which is the right course, I wonder? One does not want to make needless obstacles, but yet I don't feel quite easy." Then again I thought, "Nothing is going to be sung but the most beautiful chorals, and portions of Scripture. But then, on the other hand, when sung in the proposed manner, one thinks much of the melody, little of the words—nay, even much of the effect one's own personal share produces; and there is a certain degree of excitement that one feels unavoidable, yet

which is certainly not in harmony with the Lord's Day.

At last, with tears in my eyes, I went to Sister Z., and told her all my trouble. *She* did not see it at all from the same point of view that an English girl did. She said that if my conscience told me it was wrong, I certainly should not do it; but that, perhaps, I did not view it in the right light. She then pointed out to me the beautiful texts we were about to sing, saying, "Think of them and *feel* them when you sing, Beatrice; they will then edify your mind, rather than excite it. The performance, which is quite of a sacred character, takes place on a Sunday and in the church, in order that all the community may have the opportunity of hearing and profiting by the hymning, which surely must be acceptable to the Lord, when raised by the choir in a spirit of devotion and thoughtfulness. You should aim," she continued, "to keep the Sabbath in the spirit, rather than the letter; but yet, my dear, I am pleased to see you sensitive about these things."

Well, what could I say to one so good, wise, and gentle? I determined to go; and now it is

over, I am glad I did so: but yet, I think I must write to papa,—Sister Z. advised me to do so,—and tell him all about it, and ask him how I shall act on any similar occasion.

A Swiss girl has arrived here from Pfäfficon, in Zurich: she is in the girls' room. The chief object of her coming is that she may receive the Confirmation-instruction, and be confirmed here. She will take lessons, however, in music, singing, and ornamental writing.

27th. We are beginning to prepare our Christmas presents, and Sister Z. says I may dress a little tree for the Inspector's children; and we are to look out for some walnuts to gild. It is becoming really cold now. Every morning there is a thick frost on the ground, and the fountain forms quite a picture, as it lies in the midst of the frost-encrusted grass, surrounded by a hedge of bushes, prickly with icy thorns, and reflecting the trees sparkling with crystals on its borders.

Nov. 1*st.* All Saints' Day. There is a particular liturgy for to-day, which is very beautiful. It was sung to-night. The school is increasing so much that another room is wanted.

Sister B. is going to give up hers for the purpose, and is coming down here, and Sister R. is kindly going to sleep with Sister Z., that I may have her room.

The frost now lies on the ground like snow. During our walk to-day, we were continually looking around us to admire either the firs of the forest, robed, as it were, in white drapery, or the long blades of grass, which were stiff with their sparkling incrustations; or, again, the leaves of the bushes, each of which was fringed at the edge with the most beautiful lace-work of crystals.

3rd. It has been rather mild to-day, but dull —it seems as though the sun was growing stingy, and resolved to make up for giving away a little heat by reserving as much light as possible. I went to see sister M. after dinner, and take the little shoes I have been crocheting for her dear little baby. I examined the clothing of the little thing, and found it not so unnatural as I had thought it. First, it had a little linen shirt, and a woolen jacket and rollers; then a flannel was buttoned round it, and turned up short over the feet; and it lay

at full length on a wadded contrivance which supported the head, was turned up also at the feet, and tied together in front. There was nothing tight or stiff about the little creature.

4th. The Sisters have taken their knitting, this evening, to Sister R.'s room, where she reads to them. Something is going on in Sister Z.'s room too. She and Sister R. devote part of the long winter evenings to the instruction of the younger members of the girls' room, which contains a very mixed society. Some, like Pauline, who has been through all the classes in the school, and now only takes lessons in music, singing and drawing, are well informed. Others know something, but not much. Again, two or three are very ignorant, as, for example, little "Hetty" as they call her, who seems to have been much neglected at home. Yesterday, sister R. gave them an arithmetic lesson, and this evening Sister Z. would have given them a geography lesson, but as she cannot see well by candlelight, she thought it would be good practice for Pauline, under her inspection.

6th. "A very cold night," they say, but I do

not feel it. The double windows have been put in, and the fire is lighted twice a-day, and that makes my snug little room very warm. The pipes of the fountain have been swathed in wisps of straw, and a wooden casing has been put up all around it to prevent its freezing.

I have finished knitting my second pair of stockings, the last of which I finished without help. When Sister Z. was putting the Missionary cupboard in order, she showed me a packet of old gay ribbons which she had collected to send out to the Greenlanders, and a number of little chintz caps, of all the colors of the rainbow, for the Greenland babies.

9th. Snow has really fallen to-day, but it melts almost as soon as it falls. To-night, the history of the origin of next Thursday's festival was read aloud, and will be finished to-morrow. Mention was made in it of the choice of twelve members of the little community at Herrnhut, who were to bear the title of Elders, and preside over all the affairs concerning the brethren. Four of them were to be distinguished as Chief Elders. This was in 1727, five years after the foundation of Herrnhut.

10*th.* A young girl has entered the girls' room to-day, who is to support herself entirely by her own work. She does not belong to the Moravians; her aunt, who brought her, says she has given her the means of learning to maintain herself, which is all she has it in her power to do, and now she must depend on her own exertions.

12*th.* To-night the portion of Moravian history was finished. It related how, on the 16th of September, 1741, in London, where Count Zinzendorf happened to be just then, the council of elders determined to pray the Lord Jesus to be their chief; and then in simple faith that their prayer to that effect had been heard, acknowledged him as such, promising to lay all their concerns before Him, and in all things to abide by His will. This was solemnly announced to the community of Herrnhut on the 13th of November, and received with joy and thankfulness by all. However, they themselves say: "We do not on this account exalt ourselves above others, or deny the near relation that subsists between Christ and every member of his body; neither do we regard that which

the Lord has graciously bestowed upon us as an exclusive privilege of our church: on the contrary, we are convinced that every church and congregation of Jesus, and each individual believer, may in like manner rejoice in his special leading, and by faith appropriate to themselves the benefits and blessings resulting from his universal office as the chief Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. We only desire to rejoice with gratitude, that the Lord of his great goodness has led us to appropriate this relation to ourselves; and that a day stands marked in our history, on which the whole congregation clearly perceived that the government amongst us belongs not to man; and when, by his Spirit, He put his seal to the promise which we made him, of unreserved submission to his holy will."

Schrautenbach remarks, in his "Traits of Count Zinzendorf," under this head: "We find in holy writ that men more closely connected with that invisible God, who, being asked what was his most holy name, answered, 'I am that I am,' always gave him another name, derived from their peculiar experience of his all-sufficiency, and from their recollection of the way and man-

ner in which he had specially revealed himself unto them; such as 'The God who is at hand;' 'who helpeth;' 'who knoweth and seeth;' 'The God of my youth;' 'The God of my fathers;' or they represented him under the figure of some benevolent relation, as, 'Friend,' 'Father,' 'Brother,' 'Bridegroom,' 'Physician,' 'Shepherd,' 'High Priest,' 'Bishop.' In like manner the Brethren designate him by the name of 'Elder.'"

13*th. Aeltesten Fest* (the Feast of the Elders). At nine was the early service. The Inspector held it, and made a most beautiful and feeling address on the subject of the festival.

On returning from church, I spent the rest of the morning with Sister Z., with whom I had a most delightful conversation. I should not omit to say, that during the morning service two boys and two girls were formally received into the community. Although born of parents already belonging to it, this is always done in the year in which the children have been confirmed. Snow has fallen all day.

14*th. Haus Fest* (the House Feast), in commemoration of the consecration of the Sisters'-

'house. We had no French lesson in consequence; because the teachers joined the other Sisters at morning prayers at eight o'clock. At half-past two, the Sisters had a Love-feast in the *Chor Saal*—meeting-hall of the choir or class—held by Sister R.; that is to say, she sat at the desk, and led the singing. We had coffee and bunns.

This afternoon, Sister Z. explained to me about the marrying by lot. She says all the Moravian missionaries are married by lot, if not already married when they receive their call. This is managed by the Elders' Conference; they always have a number of Sisters in their mind whose characters have been described to them by their superintendents as suitable for the wives of missionaries or others, and they select from among these such as seem to suit the character of the Brother going out, and the office he is to fill. Then they earnestly pray the Lord that He will guide them in the choice of the fittest one of the number. Whoever the lot falls upon, then receives from the Elders the call, the proposal, to become the said missionary's wife. Two questions are also put

to the Lord; first, whether it be his will that the proposal shall be made to the Sister in question, and, secondly, whether it be His will that she accept it. And though it would seem that an affirmative answer to the first question might supersede the second, it is not precisely so, and for this reason—there may be women discontented with their lot in this life, and fancying themselves overlooked, who, on receiving a call to be the wife of a missionary or some one else fulfilling some office they have no wish to join in, or whom they neither know nor desire to know, see at once the sinfulness of their discontent with a state of life so much pleasanter and more compatible with their views of comfort than that proposed to them; and such women are incited to pray to the Lord to know if it may not be His gracious will that they decline the proposal; and when the second question is asked, the answer in such a case would probably be "No."

By this, we see that they neither are, nor consider themselves, compelled to accept such a call: although, considering it to come from the Lord, they generally do so, and scarcely an un-

happy marriage of the kind is on record. Sometimes a Brother wishes to marry, but does not know of any Sister he could choose, so he applies to the Elders, and tells them he desires a wife of such and such a disposition and character. They propose such an one to him; and he either decides directly that he will have her, if she will accept the proposal made for him through the Elders, or he refers it to the lot, and says he will abide by the decision. The Moravian clergy are always destined to one or another of the community by lot. Their choice being of public importance, it is wholly referred to the Lord.

The ground is now perfectly white with snow; it fell so thickly all day that I could scarcely see across the road; a white, impenetrable veil seemed to hang between the forest and me. In consequence of the snow-storm, the bell rang at seven to announce that there would be no service this evening.

15*th*. I have written to papa—I hope he will soon answer my letter. The country-people have been conveying their goods in sledges today, instead of carts. The snow lies thick on

the ground, but the day has been bright and fine. When I bought grapes in the hall, this morning, the woman said they would be the last this year.

16*th.* *Sunday.* Thanksgiving Festival for the harvest, which has been very good this year. A beautiful psalm was sung to-night.

PART III.

Nov. 17*th.* After service this evening, the Sisters met together in the *Chor Saal* for *evening* prayers, as the morning prayers there are discontinued for the winter. I have obtained leave to join the girls' room, and go too. We do not repeat a form of prayer, but verses containing prayer are sung—it is a musical service.

19*th.* It is still very cold. I saw a light, pretty little sledge drive by this morning, when I was practising at the Inspector's; the bell tinkled so cheerily as it swiftly glided over the snow! The school sledges were taken out this afternoon. They are little wooden ones, just large enough to sit upon.

The Inspector announced, after the class today, that a third room is to be instituted, and that two new teachers, therefore, are coming.

We began to-day to practise our Christmas piece.

At the beginning of the week, the bolts and bars *inside* the doors were thickly frozen over! Sister Z. went to Villengen in a sledge the other day. It is a drive of nearly two hours from here, in a fly, but the sledge did it easily in an hour and a quarter.

23*rd.* There was a baptism to-day. It seems singular to me that the sign of the cross is not used; however, the pouring water on the heart is certainly a significant symbol of purification, for it is the heart that requires to be cleansed from sin. Another thing has struck me: the absence of the ring in the Moravian marriage-service; Sister Z. tells me, however, that the bride and bridegoom always exchange rings afterwards.

On Wednesday evenings, the Moravians pray for their church in its present critical circumstances, either in their own families or with their associates.

28*th.* Sister Z. and Sister R. took me with them at half-past eight this morning, to wish Eugene M. many happy returns of his birthday.

He is six years old, but he looks eight. His little brother Rudolf, who is but three, wears a little frock-coat, and looks and acts like a boy of six. Sister Z. carried Eugene a New Testament and four sponge-cake lambs; and a five-franc piece and a gulden from his uncle. I took him a thaumatrope, and a cornucopia full of chocolate-drops and kisses. He likewise had a new great-coat, a pair of knitted braces, a slate and pencils, and a variety of cakes, small and great. It was likewise the birthday of Sister K., and of Rosina, the Black Forest girl, who drives the cows and feeds the pigs; so they both had birthday tables in the Economy-room.

Sister Z. called my attention to the fact, that there are no beggars among the Moravians. I replied that I had observed it; and asked her how it came to be the case. She said that the poor-funds, which are increased from time to time by legacies left by the richer Brethren, are sufficient to relieve all who are in need.

The Moravians give presents to one another throughout Advent. These are supposed to be brought them by the *Christkind*, or child Christ;

and are carried about, if portable, on waiters covered with gay papers and decked with wax-lights and bonbons.

30*th.* Advent Sunday was announced at day-break by the blowing of trumpets in different parts of the place. An appropriate piece was sung by the choir before sermon; and to-night we sing "Hosanna in the highest," taking alternate parts. I am reading the interesting history of the Moravians, by Cröger, which Sister Z. has lent me.

Dec. 1*st.* It has been snowing almost all day; and the bolts and bars inside the doors are beginning to look white again. Sister Z. and Sister R. have made the venerable Sister P. a *Christbescheer*, containing a pair of muffatees; a basket of eggs in moss; meringues, macaroons, chocolate, and other sweetmeats. I am to practise singing with the choir, that I may join them in some of the beautiful Christmas pieces. Several of the Swiss family have come to be in the girls' room; one, to learn sewing; another, cooking; another, to attend the school classes. I heard Sister Z. telling one of the elder daughters the charges for the board here, that she

might tell her mother; and was perfectly astonished to find them so low—twenty-eight kreutzers (about tenpence) *per week* for the eleven o'clock dinner; and fourteen kreutzers per week for soup suppers.

The Inspector now holds a drawing-class, which I attend.

6th. The *Christkind* has been to *me!* There was a good deal of mystery about it, of course, to enhance the effect. First I was invited, after church, to go to Sister Z.'s room, to drink lime-blossom tea. After she had poured me out a cupful, she remarked that she thought she had some biscuits at hand, and Sister R. observed that the lamp seemed to want trimming; so they went off together, and I heard a good deal of whispering and laughing, and presently a loud knocking at the door. Immediately afterwards, the door flew open, and Sister Z. entered, all smiles, bearing a table decorated with wax-lights, and covered with beautiful things, which she told me were for *me.* In the background, on a mossy hill, stood a perfect little model of a Black Forest hut. In front of it, a pretty black silk hood, turned up with carnation color, to

supply the place of a bonnet in cold weather. Then, there were the long-wished-for Choral-book; a Moravian hymn-book; Brother Miertsching's "Diary," nicely bound; a ruler; a large bag of bonbons; two packets of *Baseler Lecherle*;* some cakes of chocolate, and all sorts of fancy sweetmeats, representing a lobster, a ham, two bottles of wine, and my initial letter, a capital B, in sugar! My indulgent friends were kindly pleased to see me pleased; and if I did not show my gratitude, I am sure I felt it. We sat chatting and laughing till nearly all the tapers were burnt out, and then blew out the rest. Notwithstanding the sedative qualities of lime-blossom tea, I lay awake till midnight.

Sister W., the sick-nurse, came in just now to ask if could cut her out an angel. I told her I was afraid I could not, without a pattern, and she was unable to give me one. I have just come down from seeing the *Christbescheers* given away up-stairs. Half the school gave to the other half this evening, and next week it will be *vice versâ*. The Inspector and all the Sisters, and

* A kind of gingerbread, full of almonds, citron, and spice, iced at the top, and made at Basle.

teachers, and girls were ranged round the room as spectators, while the girls who were to receive presents stood in a row on one side, and the givers came in one after another, bearing trays decked in fantastic ways, and lighted with tapers. The presents were chiefly workboxes, workbaskets, *papeteries*, inkstands, pictures, purses, etc., plentifully garnished with bonbons. After they had been carried all round, they were placed on a long table, and the Inspector gave out a Christmas hymn.

This evening there is a long table in Sister Z.'s room spread with a white cloth, on which six parcels of good things for six of the Sisters are laid out to the best advantage. Each includes a bottle of wine, a pound of sugar, a pound of coffee, some chocolate, plenty of cakes and bonbons, and (I think) a little parcel of money.

8*th*. Who would have expected, in the Black Forest, a December day as bright and warm as a spring day in England? I wish all hearts were as cheerful as the weather, but that cannot be; one heart, at any rate, is sadly the reverse this evening. Dear Sister R. has received news of the serious illness of her father, and is in

great affliction, for she loves both her parents tenderly. Sister Z. has said to me, "Will you not pray for her, that all things may be so ordered as that she shall have cause for nothing but gratitude?"—which I readily promised to do.

9th. Sister Z. absented herself from Brother A.'s birthday party this evening, that she might prepare the presents for the girls' room, and she allowed me to help her. It was highly amusing, when the girls, coming down from the *Abendsegen*, walked towards their room, quite unconscious of any thing going on within it, and found themselves locked out! Sister Z., from within, struck up a Christmas hymn, and Pauline tried to take it up, but she and the other girls laughed more than they sang; and, in the midst of it all, the door was suddenly flung wide open, and the long table was revealed, brilliantly lighted up with honey-scented tapers, and covered with presents and bonbons! I cannot describe the smiling delight of every countenance, nor the alacrity with which each little parcel was opened. Each gave pleasure, yet some contained very simple little trifles from

friends and relatives not rich enough to buy any thing expensive, but desirous of being remembered, and of showing that they remembered.

10*th*. I spent part of the afternoon with Sister Z., gilding walnuts for the Christmas-tree which Sister R. is preparing for her little godchild. Sister Z. showed me how to do them. There was a little tin-tack at the end of each, which I held, whilst I brushed over each nut with a feather dipped in white of egg. Then I rolled it along the gold leaf; and with a piece of cotton wool I passed it into its place, without touching the nut with my fingers.

13*th*. As I have long been busy at some little Christmas presents for Sister Z. and Sister R., I thought to-day, being a holiday, would be a good time for giving them. I therefore covered two waiters with ornamental paper, and, on that intended for Sister Z., I laid a pair of gauntlets; an alumette-stand made of pasteboard, which I covered with glossy black paper, with gold edging, and ornamented with figures cut out of engravings of the Nineveh marbles; a napkin-ring, encircling a paper of sweet cakes; the indispensable wax taper, lighted at

both ends; and a sweetmeat representing a nice little roast pig in a dish of gravy. At the sides were some *Baseler Lecherle.*

Sister R.'s waiter contained a knitted necktie, a crotcheted workbag lined with pink silk, and a ring, sweetmeats, and taper, like the other. When I carried in the trays at supper-time, the Sisters were as much surprised and pleased as I could wish.

The reason for to-day's holiday was, that this day was chosen for the *Kinder Gemeintag*, (Children's Prayer day). In the earlier times of the community, there was one kept every month; but now it is only before Christmas and before Easter, as a sort of preparation for those festivals. At half-past eight were morning prayers; at ten, an address; and at two, a Love-feast. I sang with the choir, also Marie A. and Lydia R.

17*th.* Sister Z. has invited me to her little party to-morrow, when her Christmas-tree will be exhibited in all its glory.

18*th.* The guests arrived soon after half-past four. There were Eugene and Rudolf, their papa and mamma, their grandmamma and grandpapa. We began with tea, which includ-

ed white and brown bread-and-butter, veal, ham, sausages, and almond-cakes. After tea, Sister Z. and I slipped quietly into the next room and lighted up the tree, after which I knocked loudly at the door, and then slowly opened it till the tree was visible in all its splendor. The boys jumped and screamed with delight, and there was no end to their exclamations of joy and surprise at each new discovery — apples and grapes concealed among the branches, fantastic bonbons, and "golden" nuts, as they called them. In the midst of the tumult, Sister Z. and I went out, and returned with trays of presents for the elder members of the party. At half-past six the tapers were burnt out, the happy little party broke up, and a servant carried home the tree, to be lighted up again on Christmas eve.

19th. This morning, the Inspector announced that the holidays would commence on Monday evening, and last a fortnight.

I have been very busy preparing Christmas trays for Louise and Pauline. On Pauline's waiter are a pair of gloves of my own knitting,

and a pair of muffatees; on Louise's a nice little leather workcase, neatly fitted up.

21*st.* The shortest day. I have been reading a declaration made by the venerable Archbishop Potter, in the year 1737, concerning the Moravian church (which must have been very important to the Brethren in those times, when they were so generally misunderstood and slandered), to the effect, namely, that the doctrines taught by the Brethren agree in all things with the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England.*

Of the first mission in Georgia (in America) is related, as an example of the all-powerful effects of prayer and faith, that an important and most useful member of the little colony, being disabled from rendering his wonted and needful assistance to his brethren by illness, a Brother threw himself on his knees by his bedside, and fervently prayed for his restoration; then rising, calmly bade the sick man quit his bed and believe himself well. He did so, and soon returned to his work.

* Bishop H. U. Onderdonk examined the Moravian orders, and pronounced their ministry valid.

22*d*. The holidays have begun. I have been helping Sister Z. to make a miniature model of Herrnhut, to be presented to Sister P. The Hutberg was composed of moss, and the tower on its summit of pasteboard. Herrnhut itself lies at the foot of a mountain, to the left of which is to be seen Bertholdsdorf, connected with Herrnhut by an alley of limes. All this was represented by a box of wooden toys, such as we often see at home.

When the famous carpenter, Christian David, petitioned Count Zinzendorf, in the name of his brethren, to protect them, the Count replied that he would endeavor to find them a suitable place of settlement, where they might exercise their religion unmolested, and that in the meantime they might dwell at Bertholdsdorf. Accordingly ten Moravians, under Christian David's guidance, started for this village, but, on reaching it, thought it would be more advisable to settle on some spot all to themselves, and the Count's land-steward, a religious man, led them to a spot he deemed suitable for the purpose. It lay at the foot of the Hutberg, or Watch-hill, and was overgrown with briars and brambles,

was very boggy, and apparently destitute of water. Christian David, however, saw that the spot had capabilities; and, striking his axe into one of the trees, exclaimed, "Here hath the sparrow found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts!" His companions took courage from his example, and cheerfully began to found their settlement. The Count's grandmother sent them a cow, that their children might not want milk. The first tree was felled June 17th, 1722, and, on October 1st, they entered their first house. The steward, in writing of it to his master, said, "May God bless the work, and grant that your excellency may build a city on the Watch-hill (Hut-berg) which shall not only stand under the Lord's guardianship, but where all the inhabitants may stand upon the *watch of the Lord!*" (Herrn-hut). Hence the well-known name of the settlement. The settlers soon found themselves so comfortable, that they induced numbers of their friends and relatives to join them. Count Zinzendorf became fearful that this might give offence to government, and assured the Bishop of Olmütz that he had only

Herrnhut from the North side.

invited a few families to emigrate. The Bishop replied that no notice would be taken of those who emigrated quietly, but that if they stirred up others to do so, they must take the consequences. Disputes soon sprang up among the new settlers, both concerning doctrine and discipline, which it required all the young Count's judgment to quell; and he ever afterwards called the day on which these differences were settled, "the critical day," because it was then decided whether Herrnhut should be a mere nest of sects, or a living congregation of Christ.

When I went to Sister Z.'s room this evening, I found the table literally loaded with presents—Sisters' ribbons, delicate white silk gloves, sweetmeats, almond-soaps, etc.; and for me, three parcels, one containing a box embroidered with various kinds of seeds, apple-pips, mallow, coriander, etc., which Sister R. had had sent me from Gnadau; a small French Bible with gilt edges, from dear Sister Z.; and, lastly, a text-book for the coming year. No end of presents! All the Sisters have received them from one another; and yesterday the chil-

dren of the Black Forest came to receive theirs in the *Kleine Saal*, mostly things of their own work. Some of the boys had made each other shirts.

Christmas Eve. Last night, having one of my old headaches for the first time since I have been here, the night watchers looked in on me, at twelve and at two, and gave me *eau-sucrée*.

In the afternoon we had gone to a little concert in the boys' dining-hall. Brother W. presided at the piano; two other brothers played bass-viols; Brother H. and one of the boys violins; two boys played the drum; others had various small instruments, with which they perfectly imitated the singing, whistling, and chirping of forest-birds. Every time the drums were beat they seemed all to fly out of their nests, scared at the noise, fluttering, chirping, and calling to one another, quite naturally. The cuckoo was not forgotten, but was heard as if in the distance, and between the parts, a little boy, with a sweet, clear voice, sang a song about the birds.

Afterwards, Sister Z. and I carried over my Christmas-tree to the Inspector's; and oh, how

bright were Bernhard's and Gertrude's eyes when they saw it! with its colored tapers, its delicate little tissue-paper baskets waving at every breath, its cakes and fruits, bunches of currants of frosted sugar, cherries, peaches, strawberries, apples, raspberries, and golden, glittering walnuts! Bernhard, with his round, full face, and Gertrude, with her flaxen hair and blue eyes, looking the very personification of German children that we see in fairy picture-books. Little Bertha was taken out of bed to enjoy the illumination, but cried and fell asleep again in the nurse's arms; but Friederike stood by, and looked as pleased as the children; and in the midst of it all, in came the papa and mamma:—it was so pleasant to see such pleasure!

Sister Z. was busy all yesterday superintending the weighing out of half a pound of bonbons, which each boy and girl in the schools is to receive to-night. This afternoon I went with the girls to the Infants' Love-feast. Their ages vary from a year and a half to seven years. The service was held in the *Kleine Saal.* First, some verses were sung; then brother C. prayed for the little

children; then we sang again while they had their tea and bunns; after which he addressed them, and then the little things went up to him, one after another, and said a Christmas verse—all but the two youngest, and Gertrude R. When the Christmas candles were given out and carried round to the children, one of the babies persisted in trying to take hold of the flame of its candle, and as it was of course always held out of its reach, it waved its hand at it so desperately as to extinguish it. While the candles were being distributed, verses were sung, alluding to what they symbolized, and then we returned home. As we passed Brother C.'s room, which is opposite the *Kleine Saal*, I saw a splendid Christmas-tree on his table, with a brilliant golden star at the top of it.

Soon afterwards Sister Z. brought me an invitation from Sister M. to go and see her children's table of presents; so I ran over, and there was a grand display indeed, including a manger with the Holy Babe lying in it, and a representation of the field, and shepherds watching their flocks by night.

Poor Louise is not in Christmas spirits at all;

she has heard that the correspondence of this country with Switzerland will soon be cut off, that the frontiers are being beset, and that it is not improbable she and her sister will be removed from us. This all comes of that affair between Prussia and Neufchâtel!

Nine o' clock, P.M. We have just returned from the Christmas-Eve Love-feast. We went into church some time before half-past seven, so that we had ample leisure to admire the illuminations. All round the walls little oil-lamps were ranged quite closely together—red, green, yellow, and purple. At half-past seven the trumpets were blown; then the service commenced with singing and prayer, then singing again, and an address from Brother C. on the birth of Christ; after which came the beautiful Christmas psalm. Several pieces were sung by the choir, in which Sister C. sang three solos, and Fräulein V. sang one too; but she was so nervous that I quite pitied her. Dear sister Z. sang with the choir to-night. It looked so natural to see her up there among them! she always did so at N. Some of the pieces were very beautiful, and in one part four boys and four

girls sang alternately, which had a lovely effect. Before the last piece, lighted candles were brought round to us, which we held till the end, and then walked out with them to the door, through a file of Sisters and girls: they were white waxen tapers, about a foot long, with green paper wrapped round the end.

Christmas Day. The happy, holy morning was ushered in with the sounding of trumpets. I was awakened by the singing of the Sisters of Sister W.'s room (it being her birthday), and shortly afterwards the teachers were heard arousing the girls with a cheerful Christmas hymn—surely, never were such tuneful people as the Moravians! As soon as the girls came down from their dormitory, cries, almost screams of delight were heard, for there stood in each room a tree enveloped in a halo of light, draped with festoons of colored paper, and glittering with stars, bonbons, and gilded nuts, while on the tables were parcels *from home* for each of the girls.

At ten was the sermon, preceded by a hymn. After dinner I wrote out a Christmas text and verse, on embossed paper, for Sister Z. Louise

then came and helped me lay out all my Christmas presents to the best advantage. At five a "Meditation on the Incarnation of Christ" was read. Then I went with the other girls to see the boys' trees and presents. In their music-room was a most beautiful representation of Bethlehem—the starry heaven—the shepherds with their flocks—the angels—the little village—the inn—the manger; and while we contemplated it a musical-box played fairy-like music.

At half-past seven the beautiful Christmas Liturgy was sung—the church illuminated as on the previous evening. The boys then came to see *our* decorations. The room was very prettily arranged: at one end a large transparency representing the scene at the manger, and on either side of it smaller ones, with texts in illuminated letters, over which a semicircle of globes of colored glass.

We have just been singing out dear Sister Z.'s old year, and early to-morrow, please God, we shall sing in her new one.

26*th*. Sister Z.'s birthday! She breakfasted with Sister R. at seven, so we took advantage of her absence to decorate her room. L., her

late servant, tastefully decorated her white muslin curtains with delicate wreaths of evergreens. Between the two front windows was placed a pretty flower-stand. Sister R.'s present and the birthday table stood nicely in the side-window recess. As for the presents it sustained, where each gave her best it would be invidious to particularize; though the little canary bird, born and bred here, presented by Sister B., must certainly receive mention. When all was ready, Sister Z. was brought in by Sister R. to see and examine all, praise and thank all, which I need not say she did to every one's satisfaction. Party after party of Sisters and girls came in to offer affectionate congratulations; the room was never empty. *I* cunningly waited, as I thought, till the last, that I might have her all to myself; but my artifice did not succeed, any more than artifices deserve to do. There was only time for a kiss, and for Sister Z. to say, "But, Beatrice, what have you been thinking of?" when in came another flock of Sisters, and I escaped to my room, ready to cry at the interruption. But, before long, dear Sister Z. followed me thither, to look after me, and to thank me for

the presents, which she said were too many (but I am sure they were not), and for making her such beautiful bouquets; and stood talking to me so kindly, till, to my great surprise, the bell began to ring for church.

After church, people began to flock in again. The eldest girl of each room presented a paper on which a verse was written. Then the other girls came forward, and Sister Z. shook hands with all. The teacher then remained chatting with her a little, while the others examined her table. Directly after dinner, which we took in Sister R.'s room (*i. e.*, those who were invited guests), we began to prepare for the birthday party. Sister Z. not only received her own guests in her room, but entertained every one in the house. The treat began and ended with singing, and all seemed cheerful and pleased.

Pauline has just come in, crying, to tell me that Herr S. has arrived to fetch away his son, and that Louise and her sister are to go with him—they have been summoned to the inn. The Inspector does not think the proceeding a wise one—he is gone to speak to Herr S., and I

think Sister Z. is gone too. Oh, I do hope and trust Louise will not really be taken away!

Half-past eight. Just returned from evening service. Oh dear! I am sad to-night, Louise and Anna S., and Louise von Z., are really going away! and at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. But, if I am sorrowful, what must they be? The idea of so suddenly and quickly leaving dear Königsfeld, and all the kind friends to whom they are so fondly attached, is almost insupportable to them. They were even obliged to conceal it as long as they could from the little Anna, who was so home-sick at first; and when they at length broke the news to her, she burst into a flood of tears in the midst of her play. And all this because of the tiresome quarrel with Neufchâtel! I am expecting dear Louise every minute, to come and have a farewell chat with me.

27*th.* She is gone! and I am very, very sad. Oh, Louise! why must it be, that you, just *you*, my friend, my companion whenever I wished for company, the sharer of my little treats, when I wished to celebrate some home festival, should be the one thus snatched away? Oh, if the

war would but end speedily, and your parents allow you to return when Anna comes back! That might be, please God.

Louise came to me just before I got into bed last night; and, before we parted, we exchanged gifts; that is, she told me she was having a bracelet of her hair made for me, if I would accept it when it arrived, and I gave her a little brooch. Then we went to our beds to cry ourselves to sleep. This morning she joined me at breakfast, that we might drink a last cup of coffee together; she has promised to write to me for New Year's Day—a letter from her will be a great comfort. I fear Pauline feels the separation even more than I do; they were in the same room together, and were such close friends! But how much better, after all, to know the pain of regretting, and being regretted, than to go away and feel there is not one who will truly miss us!

Eight o'clock. We have just returned from the Thanksgiving service for the Christmas festival, which is now concluded. The Inspector officiated. After some hymns had been sung, the choir and children sang a piece; and the In-

spector offered up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. Oh, Louise! how much you have thought of Königsfeld to-day! How you have followed us through the occupations of each passing hour! But you know not how many tears have been shed for you, as at least *two* of us have, in thought, accompanied you on your journey. They say to-day was to bring about a final decision for or against the war, and that a hundred thousand soldiers have been drawn together at Heidelberg to await the result. Oh, if we should hear to-morrow that all has ended *peaceably!* and should know that Louise need never have gone!

28*th*, *Sunday*. Count Zinzendorf expresses himself very clearly on the use of "the lot" among the Moravians, in a little book of his that I have been reading. I will give a few sentences.

"The lot is not to be used in cases in which we can help ourselves; but only when we should vainly puzzle our brains, and be unable, with all our reflection, to come to any determinable conclusion."

"The lot is to advise rather than command.

He, however, who does not follow the lot, simply because it is not according to his own mind, is a rogue," (*schelm.*)

The news of the hundred thousand men in Heidelberg is *false!*—Just what might have been expected.

29*th.* The day has passed without any occurrence of note, except that I have missed Louise a good deal, and all the more for its being holiday-time, and for Sister Z. being engrossed in her quarterly accounts, which are no slight work.

30*th.* I have been busied with all sorts of little repairs yesterday and to-day, that I had neglected while engaged with my Christmas presents. No bad way of getting through a long, lonely, wintry day, and cheating profitless regrets. The snow lies quite deep on the ground, and it is very cold.

New Year's Eve. I wonder what they are all doing at home to-night! How easy it is, vividly to call up all their dear faces! Julie and other girls have just been in, bringing me texts they have drawn for me. I have seen but little of dear Sister Z. of late, for she is constantly at

accounts! accounts! No wonder she frequently has a headache.

At five o'clock was the "Close of the Year" for the children. The Inspector read aloud the names of all the boys and girls who have entered or left the school during the year, and then directed our attention to the changes which time brings about; reminding those who are soon to leave the school, how diligently they should employ the short remainder of their time here to the best advantage, and those who have but lately entered, that their duty is to profit to the utmost by the instructions here afforded them; adding, that he trusted we should spend the few remaining hours of the year in a thoughtful manner, edifying to ourselves and to one another; thinking over our past faults, of omission as well as commission, and seeking the Divine assistance to lead a better life in the ensuing year, if we were spared to live through it. We then sang a hymn, and he prayed for us.

Sister Z. says that I cannot be with her at all to-morrow, as she and Sister R. will be occupied all the morning in receiving the Sisters, who

will call to wish them a happy new year. After the eight o'clock service, they will go to Brother C.'s, where all the members of the conference will meet to spend the time together till the half-past eleven o'clock service. They will drink coffee together (as will be done here in every room in the house), and Brother C. will draw texts for them and for others from the new text-book.

Eleven at night. At eight, we went to church; and after the choir had sung, Brother C. read the "memorabilia" of the year, *i. e.* whatever of note had happened which interested the community—the harvest and crops—the changes that have taken place in Königsfeld during the year—births, deaths, marriages—the increase or decrease of one or another choir—and in the school. Then he prayed; thanking the Lord for His past mercies, and entreating for a continuance of them. When we returned, Julie fetched me to join them up-stairs; we had coffee and bunns at long tables ranged round the room, Sister B. and six teachers in the centre. Some of the girls received parcels from their homes, which occasioned much joy and sym-

pathy. We afterwards drew texts, which Sister B. read aloud.

At eleven o'clock, the four youngest ones were sent to bed; and we prepared for the midnight service. The church was again illuminated with colored lamps, and was crowded with Black Foresters, in addition to whom, all the community were present. We began with singing, after which Brother C. addressed us till twelve o'clock, when the full, solemn tones of the organ and trumpets suddenly burst upon the stillness of the midnight hour, and summoned us to rise and praise our Maker. At the end of the hymn we all fell upon our knees, and Brother C. prayed for a blessing on the newly-opened year, 1857; and when we had sung "the grace," we left the church; each wishing each a happy new year on the way out. I waited at the hall-door till Sister Z. and Sister R. came in, to have a kiss at the commencement of the new year, and to wish, and be wished, that it may be a happy one. And now, just before I go to bed, let me wish a happy new year to all my dear ones at home. May God fulfil that heartfelt wish!

January 1*st*, 1857. *New Year's Day.* Went to the morning and afternoon services. The rest of the day I have spent very quietly—I was almost going to say *sadly*, but it has not been that. Only, in the solitude of my own little room, I have not been quite free from home-sickness; and then, serious thoughts and feelings arose, which made me, from time to time, lay down Brother Miertsching's "Diary," and offer up a silent prayer for a blessing from on high; and when I returned from church half an hour ago, it almost seemed to me as if my prayer had been answered, for I felt more cheerful and tranquil than before. And why may it not have been so? God hears the simplest prayer sincerely offered to him in the name of Christ.

Eight o'clock, and I am going to bed! At home, where it is about a quarter-past seven, I dare say they are sitting round a table covered with roast beef, turkey, ham, sausages, mince-pies, and plum-pudding. Some little Black Forest children came into the hall to-day, and sang a rustic sort of carol, for which they expected something in return.

2*nd.* New Year's Day is gone and past, but has brought no letter from Louise; more's the pity! Oh, Louise! how is it that you do not write? I am sure it cannot be from forgetfulness or indifference; but yet, letters can and do come still from Switzerland, for Pauline has had one to-day from Montmirail.

3*rd.* Louise is actually coming back! Oh, with what delight Pauline ran in to me with a packet of letters from Switzerland, which arrived by post this evening! And how we rejoiced at the news that she is to return as soon as the peace is confirmed! That abominable Herr S., to give us all this trouble for nothing! It appears that Louise's parents did not intend her and Anna to be removed in that sudden way, unless it were thought here that the posture of affairs was sufficiently threatening to make it expedient. Poor Pauline's joy is somewhat damped by the news that her favorite teacher, Sister B., is going away, and that a stranger has arrived to supply her place.

4*th.* I have been sitting all the evening with my dear Sister Z., for, not feeling quite well, and she having a cold, neither of us went to

church. When she had finished her writing, I drew her into a little chat which grew into one of those delightful conversations I enjoy so much.

5th. Herr Inspector's birthday. And I have eaten Christmas plum-pudding! Sister Z. prepared it precisely according to mamma's recipe, and I carried some of it to the Inspector and Inspectress, who were both amused and pleased. The school presented the Inspector with a handsome embroidered waistcoat.

6th. Twelfth Day, or Heathen's Feast, as they call it here; in reference, I suppose, to the heathen lands whence the wise men of the East are supposed to have come. They may have belonged, though, to some of the scattered Jewish tribes. There is a very beautiful liturgy appointed for the festival, which was sung to-night; and there was a nine o'clock service this morning, consisting of an address on the missions to the heathen, and a prayer for their success. In conclusion, Brother C. read over all the names of the Moravian mission stations in all parts of the world.

Lessons were resumed to-day. Herr In-

spector came to offer the morning prayers at half-past seven, and to pray for a blessing on our recommencement of our duties. Snow has again fallen.

The Inspectress's birthday will be next week; so the parts are given out of the various little French and German plays we are to act on the occasion. The French scene is taken from *Les Femmes Savantes*.

8*th*. The hard frost has returned, with all its beautiful crystals and lace-work. At supper Sister B. came in, breathless with pleasure, to make known the contents of a letter just received from one of her brothers, an officer in the Swiss army, containing a decided assurance of peace being proclaimed forthwith. Sister Z. was delighted, for the idea of any of *her* countrymen falling beneath the Swiss *Morgenstern* is dreadful to her!

9*th*. The frost increases in severity, but yet I do not feel particularly cold in-doors, though, in the open air, the temperature must be very low, as every twig is fringed with an icy net-work, an inch or two deep. Auguste has returned, after a six weeks' stay at home, and is already

in tears at the prospect of her mother's departure.

10*th*. I have received the bracelet Louise promised me of her hair, which is a very pretty one, and of a kind that Sister Z. says is only manufactured in Wirtemberg. I feel uncommonly brisk and cheerful to-day, without knowing why. Is it because of the pleasant dream I had last night? or because Louise is coming back? or owing to the rarefaction of the air? I wonder if any thing pleasant is going on at home, or whether papa's long-wished for letter to me is on its way? "Coming events cast their shadows before," they say; not that I am expecting the realization of my dream, only—

> "Hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
> *May* waft good fortune on its way!"

I am always glad when we have tea at supper. Sister R. and Sister Z. chat so cosily over it, and it spins out the treat longer than on other evenings.

11*th*. A cold and stormy night has left the ground deeply covered with snow. Pauline tells me that Louise's bracelet has been made by a

young girl in Stuttgard, who invented the pattern, which no one else can imitate, so that she turns her ingenuity to profitable account. What a good thing when ingenuity and industry are thus combined! They often fill a little purse for one who would otherwise be straightened, and afford a fund for benevolence and independence.

12*th.* To-morrow I can have a letter from papa, if he wrote by return of post. How I long for post time! but many things may delay his writing.

13*th.* No letter! Old Sister W., who died on Friday night, was buried at three o'clock this afternoon. The musical service in church was extremely beautiful. Pauline came afterwards to invite me to partake of the funeral cake and wine, but I declined, thinking it best to show at once that I was perfectly disinterested, as, at some funerals, a present is made to the members of the choir.

14*th.* Sister Z. sent me some warmed plum-pudding for my vesper, but that did not quite console me for the non-arrival of my letter. *Will* they have one for me when they come in?

No! my hopes have been disappointed. Sister Z. says that an English mail-packet was lost in the terrible storm on the 8th, with all on board.

16*th*. It is cold and slippery out of doors to-night. I fell flat down to-day, going to the Inspector's.

17*th*. We received the Sacrament at half-past seven this evening. Brother M. and his wife officiated on the Sisters' side, that is, she carried the cup and tray of wafers. Sister B. partook of the first Sacrament at four, as she was to start directly after it for Basle. Königsfeld does not agree with her, which has necessitated her leaving it. We could hear the younger girls up-stairs sobbing and crying when she took leave of them. It is a cold dark night for a long drive in a sledge. I received a letter from dear Louise this afternoon. The time of her return is not fixed.

18*th*, *Sunday*. I have not hitherto related the origin of the celebration of the "Children's Feast." On the 17th of August, 1727, several children were drawn, as it were, by the power of the Holy Spirit to the Saviour, and, with one

accord, rose from their beds to pray. This and their subsequent conduct so wrought upon others, that all the children of the community seemed to be filled with repentance for their sins and love to their Saviour. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He perfected praise."

19*th*. Poor Sophia S. in the sick-room, with a kind of delirious attack.

21*st*. I have had a delightful excursion to Villingen to-day, in company with Sister Z., Sister R., and Sister P. We started at one o'clock, in a sledge, with a pair of horses. The day was clear, mild, and cloudless. The sensation was delightful in the extreme, as we drove swiftly and noiselessly in our open vehicle over the yielding snow.

We reached Villingen at about a quarter of two—visited the bookseller's and jeweller's, and then drank coffee at the post-house where we had put up. The post-master, the house, the room—all seemed strangely familiar to me, till I recollected that it was from this place that William and I took a post-chaise at midnight, six months ago, on our way to Königsfeld.

We drove through that part of the Black Forest where Louise P. told me that horrible story, which I really now think must have had some truth in it, for Sister Z. has more than once alluded to it in a mysterious manner to Sister R. O-oo! it makes me shudder!

We all went over the old Gothic church, in which is a singular representation of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, with the sleeping disciples resting their hands on stumps of trees, in a manner likely to make a strong impression on untutored minds. We also went over the convent of the Sisters of St. Ursula, sixteen in number, with their superior. They have the charge of a school of sixty girls boarding in the convent, who pay one hundred and sixty-five florins a year, and receive a good education; in addition to whom all the children of Villingen have the privilege of attending the school free of expense. Sister Z. told me that when one of the emperors (I am sorry to forget which), was carrying out his plan of diminishing the number of monasteries, the nuns of Villingen petitioned for the preservation of their convent, promising in that case to educate all the children of the

town gratuitously. Their petition was granted, and the condition has been fulfilled. We went into their refectory, and looked down from a gallery into their little chapel. The girls have a separate eating-room. All their faces and those of their instructresses were cheerful.

We reached home about a quarter-past five, and I was hardly sensible how low the temperature must have been out of doors, till I felt the pleasant warmth of my own room, where Pauline had made a good fire. The drive had been a most enjoyable one to me, and, I think, to us all, perhaps even including the driver, who seemed quite content with his gratuity, amounting to about seven-pence halfpenny.

22*d*. My German lessons with dear Sister Z. are resumed, to my great pleasure.

23*d*. How can I describe the surprise I had at half-past ten this morning! Pauline opened the door, and looked fixedly at me some moments without speaking, which so much surprised me that I found no words to inquire of her the meaning of her extraordinary conduct, but remained quietly seated, and returning her look with an interrogative stare, when, who

should suddenly slip from behind her but Louise! the next moment, we were in each other's arms. Oh, the happiness of that meeting! but its joyousness was quickly damped by Louise's telling me she was only come to pack up for her final return on Tuesday. This was a sad blow: however, I am not naturally downhearted, therefore I soon resolved not to spoil the short portion of time during which I could enjoy her company by vain regrets, for which, if to be indulged in at all, there would be plenty of leisure afterwards, but declared my intention to make the most of her visit while it lasted; and we began to devise all sorts of plans for seeing a great deal of one another. We would drink coffee together every day; she should dine with me, and I would ask Sister Z. to allow me to share her night-watch with her. (I may as well say that when I made this request to Sister Z. she flatly refused.) Louise says her mother is never in very good health, therefore her father now wishes her to live permanently at home; and certainly that is the post to which affection and duty call her. Little Anna will probably come back to school in

the course of the summer. Louise van Z. has returned for religious instruction and confirmation.

24*th*. I have been so happy to-day! Louise constantly with me. We sat a long time chatting together of various things and persons. But in the midst of it all, she frequently burst into tears at the thought of so soon departing from us again, and yet she would not be with her mother. Certainly, she has a most affectionate heart.

25*th*. The two Louises gave a coffee-party in the girls' room this afternoon, to which Sister Z., Sister R., and I, were invited. It was very pleasant indeed; in a great measure owing to Sister Z. and Sister R., who chatted so kindly with us, and entered into all our little concerns. Before we separated, Sister R. gave out a verse, which we sang as a parting benediction on Louise.

26*th*. Louise's boxes are actually packed, and I must realize to myself that she is going to leave us again to-morrow. Even the sledge is bespoken that is to carry her to Villingen. If I go from here to Montmirail, I am to visit her

at Pfäfficon. Salome W. starts for Montmirail to-morrow.

27*th*. Sister L. and Pauline have just returned from accompanying Louise as far as Villingen, where she took the post at six o'clock, which carries her first to Douaneschingen, and then on to Schaffhausen; and, at six o'clock to-morrow morning, she takes the post to W., and then proceeds straight to her home, where she will arrive at four in the afternoon. Pauline tells me she was cheerful almost to the last, and said, when taking leave of her, that she could hardly imagine this a parting, and felt as if she should soon see us all again. That is quite unlikely; but, of course, she has now a strong attraction homewards, which makes it less difficult to quit her friends here. The former leave-taking was a little rehearsal of this; nor is she torn away suddenly from us this time, as before.

She had not long started when Sister Z. entered my room, leading in Louise van Z., and saying,—

"See, I bring you another Louise. Comfort her, for she is crying."

So I made her sit down beside me on the

sofa, and chatted to her till she became calm; and at last she looked quite cheerful, as she arose to go and study her confirmation questions.

28*th*. When I went up to the third room to-night, I found Pauline talking to little Marguerite D., who was sitting on her knee and crying. It appeared that she had found the younger girls very insubordinate to Mademoiselle C., who is the youngest teacher here, and very new, and who was shedding tears because she knew not how to manage them. Marguerite's were tears of penitence, caused by Pauline's gentle rebuke.

Some of the Sisters have been in a sledge to-day, to see a remarkable clock which has been made for the Grand Duke, and which plays several very beautiful airs from Der Freischütz, William Tell, &c. I spent an hour with Sister B., accompanying her guitar, which she is very fond of playing. She brought out some *Lecherles* for me, which she says are made in Basle, whence great quantities are exported to Russia and America.

PART IV.

Feb. 14*th.* Before supper dear Sister Z. walked up and down with me a long time, arguing the point of working for the poor on Sunday, she being "for" and I "against" it. How hard it is to make a foreigner enter into our views on the subject! It seems to me like doing evil that good may come of it; for disobedience to the express command, "Thou shalt do no manner of work" on the Sabbath, is in my eyes a sin, though working for the poor is in itself good and right. Sister Z. cited our Saviour's example in healing the sick on the Sabbath, and his illustration of pulling the ox and the ass out of the pit; and maintained that aiding the poor by knitting a stocking on the Lord's day (in doing which the thoughts could be raised to God), could not be displeasing in His sight. I might have replied, "The Lord loveth obedience better than sacrifice." However, the

Apostle tells us that what one does to his condemnation, another does to his salvation; and it may be that the Lord graciously accepts from such as Sister Z., who have certainly nothing but a sincere desire to live to His glory, their works of charity and love; but it would be highly sinful for me and others, who have been vouchsafed what I believe to be a clearer light on this matter, to conform to their practice in this respect. I find it requires some strength of mind to hold out against the opinion of one not only much older, but whom I know to be much wiser than myself; and yet this, too, may have its advantage for me. "Prove all things —hold fast that which is good." It is, however, my own fault if I get into an argument of this kind, for Sister Z. never does any thing but answer in self-defence.

15*th*, *Sunday*. We took a long walk after dinner along the St. Georgien road. The weather was delightful, and the glassy slipperiness of the path in many parts did not lessen our enjoyment, though poor Mathilde fell down, and could not rise again without assistance. I had an interesting conversation with Julie, who

is beginning to think with seriousness on serious subjects, which she was far from doing when she first came here. F. seems a gay little place, and she has seen as much of the world as she well could in a small town, without many restraining influences to counteract its effects. She now wishes it had been otherwise, and only fears that her return home may efface the impressions now made on her heart.

17*th.* Frau M. has arrived to take home poor Auguste, whose health is in a very critical state. There is something very attractive about Frau M., she is so lady-like, and looks so very kind. Brother W. came this evening, to give the first class a singing lesson on Haydn's *Te Deum*, which we are to sing at the approaching examination. Herr Inspector was present, and sang bass.

19*th.* At eight o'clock this morning Auguste came round to all the classes, to say good-bye. Poor child! she cried very much, and her mother, too, regrets the necessity of taking her away, as she would have wished her to remain here till her confirmation. They took a post-chaise from here to Offenburg, about nine

hours' journey, as Frau M. feared night travelling in the diligence might be injurious to Auguste.

The boys are to have a concert to-night, and will sing Schiller's *Glocke*. I have so troublesome a cold that Sister Z. threatens not to let me go.

20*th*. I went, however. Herr Inspector and a little boy named Courvoisier sang the solos. One little fellow was pointed out to me as a countryman of mine—the only English boy in the school; he has been here three or four years. The Inspectress's birthday is really to be kept to-morrow, and there is to be a grand rehearsal of *L'Avare* and *Les Femmes Savantes* to-night; but Sister Z. has just sent Pauline to say that she will by no means allow me to take part in it, as I am quite hoarse, and am not to make myself ill for the sake of a play! Hum!

21*st*. The grand and long-promised treat is over, and I have been able to participate in it, at the trifling expense of a bad headache. The party was so large as to be separated into three rooms. In the first were all the grown-up grandees, and a dozen or so of us, who drew

lots to decide on the favored few. The entertainment began at half-past two, and ended at six. After coffee and sweet-cake, we sang *Lobe den Herrn*, which we of the first class have been getting up so long. Then came *L'Avare*, the principal parts being taken by Louise P., Lea M., and Pauline. Emma G. then acted a charming little scene of a countrywoman (in Margräfler costume), singing at her spinning-wheel, while her child slept in its cradle, and then dressing her humble Christmas-tree, while the watchman was heard in the distance. Then came *Les Femmes Savantes*, performed by Lea, Louise, Pauline, Elfride, and Emilie; and after that, *Das Modefräulein* (the Young Lady of Fashion), *moi-même*, with Julie as my aunt, Elfride as my uncle, Caroline as my brother, Emma as dancing-master, and Caroline G. as lady's-maid. There was a little break-down in the middle; but, on the whole, I think it amused. Then we acted a French and a German charade; and, when all the grand folks had taken leave, we, the *company* in another sense, were treated to apple-tourte. I must say the Inspector's merry laugh was heard pretty

often during our acting—a very grateful sound to the performers' ears. And certainly he is one of those enlightened people who can be both merry and wise: all the better for those under his rule, say I.

22*d*. Mamma's birthday! All the rest are gone to the Lent Litany; but I must stay at home, on account of my cold. Louise van Z. has been drinking coffee with me, in honor of dear mamma's birthday. She is a pleasant companion—a bright, fair girl, with a frank, engaging look and manner—and converses fluently on all subjects with which she is conversant; but somehow, though I try hard, I cannot make her quite fill the place of my other Louise.

24*th*. I had a terrible disappointment last night. The history of the festival which is to be celebrated on the 1st of March, in memory of the origin of the Moravian church, four hundred years ago, was to be read in church, and I was pronounced not well enough to go! I felt sadly rebellious, but Sister Z. refused me so decidedly that I saw she would not yield to entreaty, and submitted in an unsubmissive spirit enough.

This evening, I regret to say, I made her quite angry with me, by begging to be allowed to go, and murmuring at her refusal—so angry that she would not even let me help her on with her mantle. However, she was softened when I went up to kiss her, and said I would not murmur any more. I am sorry, now; and wish I had not displeased her.

25*th.* I went to church to-night, and heard the end of the account relating to the ordination of their Bishops, which they received from the Waldenses; and also to the institution of the Lot.

Sister R. had Fräulein O. to drink coffee with her to-day as it is the birthday of her mother, now the third wife of the poet Knapp.

27*th.* To-night the Lent Liturgies begin. There are two, which are sung alternately; one on the sufferings of our Lord, the other on the seven sentences He uttered on the cross. The second will be sung this year.

28*th.* This being the eve of the festival, Brother C. made an address on the subject of it, and then prayed that the new century which this favored church is about to enter upon may be

fraught with blessings, and that as, at this time four hundred years ago, God favored the union of a number of followers of Huss, among whom His word should be preserved in purity, so may He again, uprooting the corruptions that have sprung up among them, make them a people living unto Him, and forming a sanctuary pleasing in His sight. Imagine all this enlarged upon and uttered in the most impressive manner, by the dignified, venerable old minister, and some idea may be formed of the earnestness with which we listened to him.

March 1st, Sunday; the Jubilee of the United Brethren. At seven in the morning, the trumpets hailed the dawn of the festival with solemn hymns of praise. At half-past eight the whole community attended morning service in the church, which was beautifully decorated and strewed with fir. Festoons of evergreens depended from each choir-gallery, and over each entrance, fastened up with mushrooms of gilt wood. On each side of the reading-desk stood massy columns of fir branches, and on the sounding-board beautiful bouquets arranged by

Sister Z. and Sister R., between which was suspended an inscription in an oval frame,

"Lord, renew our days as of old!"

The desk itself was covered with white and festooned with bilberry, juniper, and ivy, intermingled with pink and red roses. In front was inscribed, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." (Heb. xiii. 8.)

I liked Brother C.'s address and prayer very much. He said the festival should be spent in joyful thankfulness for the many mercies shown to this little church during these four hundred years, mingled with sorrow for the lukewarmness into which many of its members have sunk. At the end of the service, a new Sister, Magdalena T., was admitted into the community. After the sermon, we had the rehearsal for the Love-feast; the choir sings four pieces, one of which is very difficult.

Oh! The postmaster of St. Georgien has sent to Sister Z., to say that a letter has been lying there for me such a long time, that if it is not quickly sent for, he shall send it back!

The *Liebesmahl* began at half-past two and

lasted till four. At half-past four was the first communion, and the second will be at half-past seven, so that there will be no service for us! I am sorry for it; I enjoy the services so much! and then, in the midst of them, the thought will frequently obtrude itself, that I shall not be here to take part in them much longer.

3*d*. The mysterious letter arrived this morning, just as Sister Z. and Sister R. were preparing for the long walk to St. Georgien to fetch it; and from whom should it be but papa! The very letter I have been expecting and wishing for so long! Well, I *am* glad. . . . . The weather is delightful, mild, and sunshiny, though frosty at night. The stars shine brightly.

4*th*. This morning I sat some time with dear Sister Z. at an open window, watching her tame her little canary, and teach it to eat out of her hand. Her character is to be discerned even in her way of doing this, for she is very firm, though very kind to it; and if it will not come and fetch the hemp-seed, of which it is very fond, out of her fingers, she will not give it any.

5th. Again the ground is covered with snow; but I have spent a very pleasant evening; first reading the missionary accounts to Sister Z., and then talking with her of old days at N.

7th. The snow is melting fast. A Peruvian girl has joined us to-day, the daughter of a German father and a mulatto mother, but she only speaks Spanish, Italian, and French, so here is an opportunity for me to brush up my Italian. Her funny Christian name is Grimanesa. To-morrow papa will receive my answer to his letter, which he must have been expecting some time.

9th. I have seen Grimanesa to-day. Of all the languages she was reported to know, it appears that she can speak only one, viz., Spanish. The girls, however, have an impression that she understands English, and are very anxious for me to attack her in that language, just for the sake of hearing us speak in a tongue of which they know nothing. Grimanesa's attempts at German are very amusing, as she turns every sentence into her own idiom. Poor girl! she feels the cold very much, and never saw snow before. Her friend Emma says that when she

first came to Europe, she had no dresses but such as were gathered in at the throat with a string, and hung loosely down to her feet.

At supper, Sister R. spoke seriously about the poor girl they call Gipsy, and expressed her sorrow at the poor thing's extreme ignorance as regards Bible history. It appears, that at home she was very much neglected; and it is a mercy that her aunt, Sister F., placed her here, where she is in the way of Christian training. Sister R. proceeded to say that she should much like to undertake her teaching apart from the other girls, who are so much more advanced, if she could possibly find time; and it then occurred to me how nice it would be for me to bestow an hour of Sunday afternoon teaching on this poor neglected child. At the very moment this was passing through my head, Sister Z. turned to me with a question exactly to the purpose, but so nicely framed that I might, without the least difficulty, give either an affirmative or a negative answer. I directly said it would give me great pleasure; and the fact is, I long for Sunday to come, for I am impatient to begin.

11*th.* The snow is now almost as deep as in the middle of winter. The iron-work of the doors is again frozen over. Poor, chilly Grimanesa!

Jeanne K. is now added to the other three in the sick-room. Sister R., who visits all the sick, says that she and little Marguerite are becoming quite good friends. The girls say that Marguerite has turned her bed quite into a playroom—she has her dolls there, her dolls' wardrobe, dolls' kitchen, etc., and is enjoying herself amazingly.

14*th.* Very cold and windy. I slept under two down beds without being too warm. Pauline brings *The Lamplighter* sometimes in the evening, and we read together for an hour, for the improvement of her English.

15*th. Sunday.* All last night and to-day the wind has blown like a hurricane. In church, I could not help thinking of the passage in Job where "the wind smote the four corners of the house, that it fell," for it whistled and howled round us in a fearful manner: the rain, meantime, falling in torrents, and, blown by the strong south wind almost horizontally through

the air looked like clouds of dust. Scarcely a vestige of snow remains.

Caspar came to me at two, and we had our first Bible lesson together. When I saw Pauline afterwards I said, "Does she like coming?" "Oh, yes!" answered Pauline, laughing; "when she returned to the girls' room, she exclaimed, 'It's *delightful*, there in front!'" And I think her sparkling eyes and many thanks when she left me vouch for the truth of this assertion.

19*th*. The weather was so mild and spring-like that I went into the garden for the first time this season, and found two varieties of snowdrops in bloom. I went to the little gate opening on the path to the plantation, in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of the Rauhe Alp, but the day was too misty for it to be visible.

21*st*. Large flakes of snow again falling, and the ground already as white as a gooseberry-tart sprinkled with sifted loaf-sugar. How changeable the climate is! and yet the Black Foresters are a healthy-looking race; and how well I have been here! Among this numerous assemblage of girls, scarcely one was ever in

the sick-room till quite lately, and they are off the sick-list now. Toothache and earache seem the chief complaints here, and those who suffer from them go about with their faces tied up nearly all the winter. To-day there was a preparatory Easter service for the children.

25*th.* *The Annunciation;* which is kept by the Moravians as a festival for all the choirs; in consequence of which we had a holiday, and I had little Eugene to spend the afternoon with me. We were both "merry and wise," for we not only played at "blind cow," as the Germans call blind man's buff, and dominoes, but we studied natural history from some famous pictures of animals Sister Z. lent us, and occupied ourselves with the fine arts by painting a whizzgig together. We had some English plum-cake "to strengthen us," as Eugene said; and afterwards, when we saw one another, he looked so lovingly at me!

26*th.* There is no service to-night, on account of the choosing a deputy for the synod which is soon to meet at Herrnhut. All the brothers above twenty-four years of age have a vote: the meeting takes place in the little prayer-hall.

31*st*. The grand examination-day, almost the whole of which was taken up by the examination, for the rehearsal lasted from half-past eight till nearly dinner-time, and then there were the neat copies of the poems to finish, to lay before the Inspector, in case he should have to prompt or correct. At two, we assembled in the Sisters' prayer-hall, which had been arranged for the occasion; and while the visitors poured in, I amused myself by trying to recognise my drawings among the many which were suspended side by side.

Our good Inspector entered, and took the chair at a small table on which lay the poems and a programme. Brother H. and three or four masters from the boys' school seated themselves on his left, and he then gave out a hymn, and led it in his full, clear voice, while all the rest joined. A short, simple address, such as all could feel and understand, then followed; after which ensued a momentary silence; and all our hearts beat quicker as he took up the programme, and read aloud the names of the four girls who were to open the proceedings. They advanced, curtseyed, and repeated the 33rd

Psalm. Then came a long duet, performed by the two best players in the school; then the *Bergmannsgruss*. Little Gabrielle and Cécile then played a pretty Swiss air together; after which Emma G. recited the *Marktweiber*, by Hebel. This comic piece, written and capitally recited in the strange dialect of the countrymen of Baden, excited much laughter. Almost all played or recited something; and, happily, no one broke down, though a little faltering occasionally made us tremble. I think I shall never forget Julie. She was not very well, which made her nervous, I suppose; and there was she, standing all alone in the middle of the room, with a long poem to recite, which she repeated well, but with a voice that trembled quite distressingly from the beginning to the end. The kind Inspector and Inspectress smiled most benignantly throughout—to give encouragement, I thought. The *Te Deum* was reserved for the conclusion; after which the visitors dispersed, and we repaired to the first room, where refreshments were provided for us, consisting of tea and heart-cakes. Of course,

the proceedings of the day afforded abundant materials for conversation.

April 3rd. Through Herr Inspector's kindness, I accompanied Sister Z. to the boys' examination, though mine was an exceptional case. They performed Mozart's requiem, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, Haydn's *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, sang duets and solos, played pieces on the flute, violin, and piano, and recited in French, English and German. Maps and drawings were also displayed. This morning, after the Bible class, the Inspector announced that the Easter holidays would begin to-morrow, and reminded us that they were not designed for purposes of unthinking enjoyment, but that we might the more fitly attend to the sacred services of this holy time, which, if duly improved, would certainly draw down a blessing on our hearts.

4th. To-day is kept as the opening of Passion week, in consequence of which, the history of our Saviour's last week before his Crucifixion was commenced, and will be pursued through the week. The service commenced with a piece from the choir, then followed several hymns and a prayer. Towards the conclusion,

a beautiful solo, and then a few verses were sung by the congregation. In the afternoon, the Sisters and girls' room assembled in their prayer-hall to hold a Love-feast together. Pauline, poor girl, could not join in the singing, which was too much for her, for it was just at the time her grandfather was to be buried at Stuttgard. She received a letter from him only last week, and yesterday received tidings of his death. He was seventy-seven years of age, and had long been declining, which made the shock less startling; but Pauline was unfeignedly attached both to him and her grandmother, for they have supplied the place of parents to her ever since her father and mother entrusted her, quite a little creature, to their charge, when they went to their missionary station, where they soon afterwards died. Pauline hopes her grandmother will come to live here now.

Every one speaks of her grandfather as having been an extraordinary man—so pious, so benevolent, so cheerful, so capable of well filling any position in life. His original employment was that of a book-binder. A sister who

knew him well observed to me yesterday, "Pauline's sorrow can be well understood by any one who had the privilege of knowing her grandfather; he was to everybody everything that their circumstances happened to require. One hour, some poor unhappy person would come to him for consolation; the next a prince would come to enjoy his conversation; *he* would, in his turn, be followed by some one in need of advice; and so on."

5th. I was in the garden by a little after seven this morning; the clear pure air and bright sunshine were quite invigorating; and when I went to the gate to see if the Rauhe Alp were yet visible, the forest looked so green, peaceful, and shady, that it seemed putting forth all its charms to attract me into its depths. I did not long resist, but drew the bolt of the gate, and in another minute was darting half fearfully along the narrow mossy path beneath the dark shade of the fir-tree. Too soon I felt I must return.

This being Palm Sunday, the history of Christ's entry into Jerusalem was read to-night at a quarter-past eight. At the words, "Ho-

sanna to the Son of David," all the children rose simultaneously with the choir, and burst forth into song; and again, when Brother C. came to the words, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." The effect was lovely.

6th. The Sisters have a particular form of prayer for every morning in Passion week, referring to the history of our Saviour's sufferings. We were twice in church practising our pieces for the Confirmation, and also for Good Friday. The two elder R—ns, who are here with their father, are going to sing with the choir as long as they stay. Sister R. found some white anemones and cowslips during her walk, and gave them to me.

7th. A true April day. Seeing Sister H. sowing carrot-seed, I told her what a good substitute for fruit rhubarb was in the spring. She seized on the idea, and was very desirous of knowing whether any could be procured from England. It is not at all known here.

Two poor women have walked hither all the way from Zurich to celebrate the Easter festival with us, and when they entered Sister R.'s

room, one of them was so exhausted she could not speak, and the other so stiff she could hardly sit down or rise up again; and yet, after having related their little history to the compassionate Sister R., they begged permission to attend the early morning prayers here to-morrow morning.

8*th*. We have just returned from the beautiful Confirmation service, which took place at a quarter of five this afternoon. Brother C. examined the nine boys and four girls, whom he has for some time been preparing in their knowledge of Christian doctrine, before the whole congregation. They were seated in a long row before the desk; and the order of the service was this—first, a piece sung by the choir; then some hymns, and an address to the candidates; then the examination; then a short address before the laying on of hands, which he accompanied with a few words of prayer or exhortation over each couple. The Brothers' choir sang a verse of benediction for every four. When all were confirmed, Brother C. exhorted them, in his fatherly, apostolic way, to live henceforth unto God, and to choose that good part which should not

be taken away from them. He then addressed a few questions to them, to which all answered "Yes" or "No." The whole congregation then fell on their knees while a fervent prayer was offered up, and, after a hymn had been sung, the concluding blessing was pronounced. The girls then went into the vestry, where they were met by the Inspectress, who kissed them all. They looked very pretty, in their black dresses, white shawls, and caps with pink ribbons.

This has been a lovely spring day. When I rose this morning, I could not help opening my window to enjoy the sweet picture of the forest half veiled in a mist, while the summits of its tall firs were illuminated by the sun, which had just burst forth from the clouds above them.

The "Diaspora Sisters"—*i. e.* the two poor women from Zurich—were at early prayers this morning. Their name signifies those who do not belong to any community, but are in a great measure under Moravian influence from being under the spiritual care of their home-missionaries.

9th. I have just finished learning the verses that are to be sung at the Sacrament to-night.

It is a solemn evening to all, but especially to those who will partake of it for the first time. We have already attended three church services to-day, besides prayers in the Sisters' prayer-hall.

To my sorrow, and to Pauline's great grief, Louise van Z.'s mother, who came to witness her confirmation, is going to take her home with her. She says she feels as if she could not leave her behind. We are always losing some nice girl, I think. I received a very affectionate letter from Hélène this morning.

10*th*, *Good Friday*. We have had four services to-day, and at each the choir has sung. At the two early services the account of our Saviour's examination before Pilate and the High Priest was read: at the half-past two service, the narrative of the Crucifixion; so that, just about three o'clock, Brother C. read the words our Saviour uttered at that hour—"It is finished!" —and then fell upon his knees and prayed that all present, as now presenting themselves at the foot of the cross, and looking up with faith to their crucified Redeemer, might be made partakers of the salvation wrought by his death.

11*th*. *Five o'clock*, P. M. I must make my notes of the day at once, for I expect to be sent to bed directly after church, as we shall rise at four o'clock to-morrow morning,—"while it is yet dark." We assemble in church for the Easter Litany (a kind of confession of faith), at five o'clock in the morning, and then the whole congregation will proceed to the burial-ground, in remembrance of Mary Magdalene's going to the sepulchre before dawn; and there the latter part of the Litany will be said and sung—that is to say, if the weather permit; but we had a snow-storm this morning.

We had a beautiful *Liebesmahl* at three o'clock. Several pieces were sung by the choir, which was strengthened by the addition of many of the girls of the school. We practised for two hours this morning. I do hope it will be fine to-morrow; but Pauline says she heard the *schüttvogel* (so called from its crying "*schütt! schütt!*"—pour! pour!) yesterday, and that it is a sign of rain—an ill-omened note, certainly.

Eight o'clock. We have had such a beautiful Easter-eve service! The church was dimly lighted with oil-lamps, and Brother C. played

such a soft, subdued, plaintive, soul-penetrating voluntary on the organ, that our feelings were attuned and prepared for the earnest, heartfelt prayer offered up by the Inspector, who led us in spirit to the grave of our Redeemer, during that momentous pause which ensued between the crucifixion and resurrection.

12*th*, *Easter Day*—and F.'s birthday! Oh, happy, holy day! It is now only six o'clock in the morning, and yet I have been up two hours and a half, and have done a great deal in that time, though not all that I wished; for, I regret to say, a thick drizzling rain is pouring down, which has prevented our going to sing among the graves. Pauline called me at half-past three, and I went with her and Sister K., Sister H., Leuchen W., and Amélie, to sing the Sisters and girls up.

> "All about let music breath,
> Above, around, and underneath,"

is certainly the rule of this place. We went to the dormitory, to the sick-room, to the new dormitory, to Sister Z., and to Sister R. Sister K. gave the first greeting at each door, singing—

"The Lord is risen!"

Then we took up the strain, responding—

"Yes, verily he is risen!"

and then all joined in the Easter hymn. The stars shone brightly through the windows as we passed up and down the broad staircases and along the corridors; and with beating hearts, Pauline and I expressed to one another in whispers our hopes of a fine day; but, alas! they were not to be verified. The church was full at the Litany. The girls are now preparing to breakfast all together in the dining-room.

Five o'clock, P.M. This afternoon Sister Z. gave me a piece of cake called "Easter-egg," which is like a rich baked custard, with raisins, chopped almonds, and a little rice in it. The infant school children are to come here to-morrow, if it is fine, to hunt in the garden for Easter-eggs, which, of course, we shall hide there beforehand. Louise van Z. is gone.

We have not long returned from church, and a watery gleam of sunshine is now enlivening the aspect of things. I do not feel at all the worse for my early rising. Pauline has been

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We have not long returned from church, and a watery gleam of sunshine is now enlivening the aspect of things. I do not feel at all the worse for my early rising. Pauline has been

spending the afternoon with the B—ns, at Sister C.'s. She is noticed by everybody, and can adapt herself to all persons and all circumstances.

15th. *Easter Monday.* It has been snowing all day, and to-night there has been lightning as well as snow. Of course the infants could not hunt for their eggs in the garden; but we hid them in the garret, and in all sorts of odd nooks and corners: and it was most amusing to hear the shouts and screams of delight, as one egg after another was discovered and drawn forth—some from little nests of flax, others from chinks and crannies in the wall, between roof beams, under boxes, baskets, &c. When all were found the children were placed in a circle, and each received two—a red and a yellow one.

At ten this morning we had a sermon, and in the evening an address and prayer. Two Swiss relatives of Sister O. were here to-day, in their singular national costume, the strangest part of which is a little black silk cap, covering half the head, and rising up behind like a fan. But the most picturesque head-dress I have seen here is that of the *Markgräflers*, of Baden, which is sur-

mounted in front by an immense bow of very broad black ribbon, the ends of which, drawn to the right side, are trimmed with a deep fringe.

14*th*. Still snow; and so cold! After service to-night, the Inspector gave out that Brother C. had accepted the office of deputy to the synod; and some verses of benediction were sung for him.

15*th*. This evening Brother C. himself spoke of his approaching departure, and begged the prayers of the community for himself and all who will be present at this important synod, expressing his trust that Jesus, their Elder, will himself preside over it and overrule all things for good.

16*th*. I do not much envy Sophie R., who has been left here in the *Gemein Logis* to learn cooking. It may conduce to her becoming a good housewife; but it does seem strange to me, that a German girl, of whatever rank, when she has finished her school education, should take lessons in plain-work, millinery, and cooking. Having done so, she is looked on as quite complete, and fitted for any relation in life, married or single; and in consequence of it, she

does not undertake these acquirements with any repugnance, but, on the contrary, with pride and pleasure. *We* learn such things, what we know of them, little by little, as they occur day by day; and certainly, if some of us know as much as we need of them for our future comfort and usefulness, a good many do not.

17*th*. This has been a warm, bright day, and I took a delightful walk in the Stell-Wald with Sister Z. A merry little black and gray squirrel gamboling on the grass, ran swift as lightning up a tall fir-tree at our approach, and we watched it spring from branch to branch, from tree to tree; then, stood to look down on the saw-mill in its picturesque little forest dell, whilst we listened to the splashing of the water from the wheel, and watched the saw leisurely work its way into a broad stem to separate it into planks. The mill belongs to the community, and must, I should think, bring them in a good deal, for it is almost always at work.

There is something in the air on days like these—spring influences, I suppose—that makes it quite hard to me to sit still in-doors; so, after a little reading and working, I ran out into the

yard, and fed the chickens with one hand and the cat with the other. Thence, into the garden, where I found Sister J. cutting daisy-leaves for salad. The lapwing in the gallery is already sitting; and next month the swallows will return. But there are no nightingales here; they prefer English ashes, beeches, and oaks, to tall, black firs.

On returning to the house, Sister N. told me that the Alps were visible from the new garret; so I went up there with Sister Z., and we stood long at the window enjoying the beautiful view of the dazzling white chain of mountains standing out in bold relief from the blue sky, while Königsfeld itself formed so pretty a picture nearer at hand, as it lay peacefully beneath us, with its white walls and red roofs contrasting well with the dark green of the forest beyond. In the midst lay the little pond in the centre of the green, with its tiny fountain flinging its sparkling column high up into the air.

18*th*. Another bright, spring day! Overnight, I had begged Pauline to call me at five, that I might learn the lessons I neglected yesterday. I spent the whole afternoon in the gar-

den with my book; watched the moment when the lapwing left her nest, and with the aid of one of our gymnastic machines, called "the Baron," climbed up to peep into it, and saw five beautiful little white eggs!

When I went to get some chickweed for the canary to-day, the sun's rays were so warm and dazzling on the open meadow, that I was tempted farther and farther into the forest; and, while enjoying its grateful shade, I stood in a sort of dream, listening to the wind playing among the fir-tree tops till I almost fancied it the sound of some neighboring waterfall dashing over the projections of a rugged precipice! It is a strange, mysterious sound, that unceasing rushing of the air to force itself through the thick mass of foliage.

One of the dishes served up for dinner to-day was of young dandelion-leaves, dressed like spinach, and also resembling it very much in taste. Mouse-ear and dandelions! What would our English housewives say to such vegetable delicacies?

19*th*. When I came in from supper, I found a beautifully arranged saucer of sweet violets,

heart's-ease, anemones, and buttercups on my table, from Amélie S., who had accompanied some of the Sisters to the "violet meadow" near the Mönchshof this afternoon, whence they returned laden with flowers. After dinner dear Sister Z. proposed my accompanying her on a walk, so I snatched up my hat, for it was too warm to want any thing else, and went out with her. We paid a visit to the frog pond, the bed of which is a *network* of frog-spawn, the delicate chains of little round black eggs in their clear glutinous envelopments, crossing and interlacing each other in the prettiest manner possible, as they float beneath the surface of the water, extended from reed to reed, and from leaf to leaf. Round the edges of the pond, we found the chains transformed into irregular masses of transparent globes about the size of a small marble, among which were visible myriads of tiny tadpoles, about half as long as a pin, and not much thicker.

21*st*. We are beginning to prepare for the "Sisters' Feast." I can hear them now singing in the next room, and their voices, mellowed by distance, are so soft and sweet! The melodies

to the Moravian hymns are all beautiful—I am very glad I possess a choral book. Two Sisters are very ill in the sick-room, and it is thought they are dying. Dear Sister R.'s face wears such an anxious look! She has so much to harass her and to think of, just now.

23*d.* Julie's birthday. When Sister R. came in this morning, she asked me if I had heard the doctor, who had been sent for in the night; adding that Sister S. was so ill that she did not think she could live through the day. However, to-night she and Sister Z. speak of her more hopefully.

Anna W. has made the first step towards sociability with me; as Pauline had gone to bed, she sat next me at evening prayers, and helped me to find the hymns. She is a bright, cheerful girl; clever, but apparently rather wild. She has recently arrived from Neudietendorf, and is not a Moravian, though her uncle, Brother A., will be very glad if she becomes one. Yesterday she took a painting lesson with us, and I spoke a little English with her. English is taught in all the Moravian schools; principally, I believe, because no Moravian boys or girls

can tell that they may not, some time or other, be connected with a mission, nor to what part of the world they may have a "call," so that acquaintance with the English and French is very desirable for them.

I now rise at five, and after preparing for the classes, go into the garden, or to the meadow in search of chick-weed.

25*th.* The days now go by so much like one another, that the chief variety is in the weather. If it continue as cold as it is now, it will be rather trying to sit up all night, as Julie says the girls do, on the eve of the grand day, to dress the tables for the teachers.

After dinner, Eugene and Rudolf came to invite me to spend Wednesday afternoon with them, adding their mamma's particular request that I should fetch my music along.

27*th. Eight o'clock.* I can hear the Sisters singing overhead. They are having what is called a *Chor Viertel-stunde—i. e.* a quarter of an hour devoted to their choir by the minister. The *Chor Viertel-stunde* is now only held before particular festivals, but formerly it took place very frequently.

After dinner, I went with Julie to beg dear old Brother C. to write something in my album. He looked so benign and venerable, with his while locks flowing from under his black velvet cap! He did not recognize us when we first went in, and asked me my name, and then said, "Ah! you are Beatrice!"

They all call me Beatrice here, without my surname, which is not wanted, as there is no other Beatrice, whereas there are many to answer to Louise, Marie, etc. Brother C. inquired with some interest whether papa were coming here. Fräulein M. went away to-day. Sophie S. also left. So many are dropping off! And, at last, my turn will come too.

28*th*. Sister Z—t, who has long been suffering, died to-day. She was an unmarried Sister, but did not live in the Sisters'-house. I saw the little wreath of rosebuds and myrtle which is to be placed on her head, lying on Sister Z.'s table to-night.

Pauline had letters from the two Louises yesterday. Poor Louise S. complains that I have not written to her, and there is the letter which Louise van Z. was to have taken to her still ly-

ing in my portfolio! No wonder she thinks it strange.

29*th.* I spent a very pleasant afternoon at Sister M.'s. Sophie R. and Sister Ernestine W. were there, and also Auguste; so that, with Brother and Sister M., and Brother B., a very sociable old gentleman, we had quite a pleasant little party. The two boys sat at a side-table, and, whenever their cups and plates were empty, amused us with picture books. At other times, we worked and chatted over our coffee; I cannot say work ever comes to much on such occasions, but it takes off the formality and allows of pauses in conversation. After an hour or so thus spent, Sister M. opened the piano, and we had some singing and playing; after which we were again invited to the table to partake of chocolate cream and pound-cake. We amused ourselves and one another so well that we actually did not break up till half-past six—quite late for a coffee-party.

The girls have been busy to-day, making wreaths and garlands for the prayer-hall, to-morrow being the *Widows' Feast.*

PART V.

April 30th. The Widows' Feast. I think I never heard any thing more lovely than the full tones of the trumpets floating through the air this morning from the various quarters of the settlement where the widows live, announcing the dawn of their festival with sweet and appropriate melodies. They had a private service this morning in the little prayer-hall, which was hung with garlands of juniper and white roses —white being the widows' color. This afternoon, they had a Love-feast, to which they invited all the community. I went as one of the choir.

Pauline is complaining of a terrible pain in her back. Poor girl! she was all yesterday and this morning, and part of Tuesday, engaged in copying out Sister Z—t's biography for Brother C., and it has been too much for her.

May 1*st.* Dear B.'s birthday. I thought of her the first thing this morning, which was very early, for Pauline called me at a quarter of five. Sister Z—t was buried this afternoon. Her brother-in-law and his two daughters came from some distance to attend the funeral and seemed much impressed by the service. The conclusion of the aged Sister's autobiography was very beautiful, expressing her heart-felt gratitude to God for having permitted her to spend so great a number of years as a member of a community so favored. Her age was seventy-three. It is remarkable how every one, male or female, belonging to the community, seems to regard it as a special favor and privilege to do so. It does, indeed, appear to be singularly blessed. How is it that all are so friendly? that none live or die in misery? that the marriages prove such happy ones? that discord and misunderstanding are unknown? except that the Lord does indeed accept their child-like trust and confidence in Him, and vouchsafe to guide them in all their ways?

2*d.* Every one in the house is busy preparing for the festival on Monday. I do so hope Sister

Z. and Sister R. will like the little gifts I have prepared for them, and the flowers I have sent for from Villingen; but it is so difficult to manage a little surprise for either of them, one is so constantly meeting one or the other.

4th. The Sisters' Feast, half-past seven, P. M. The Sisters are at morning prayers, and I hear the sweet, faint sound of their singing. I went to greet Sister Z. as soon as she was up, and she so pleasantly accepted my little offerings! Her room was beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreens, and snake-moss; the breakfast-table, too, with its baskets of white rolls, rusks, and sponge-cakes, added to the pretty effect. During breakfast, which was at a quarter after six, the band came round to perform the festival hymns.

Sister Z. has just been fastening a beautiful little neck-ribbon round my throat, white and rose-color, brocaded with gold. It will be a cherished remembrance of this Sisters' Feast—the last, most likely, I shall ever celebrate. I have been decorating a little plate of oranges for the invalids—though they should now rather be called convalescents, for they will be able to partake of the Holy Communion to-night, with

the other Sisters, in the prayer-hall. Brother C. will administer it, assisted by Sister Z. and Sister R. The Sisters who assist at the sacrament are always dressed entirely in white. Pauline says that, till within the last two years, the whole choir of the Sisters, walking two and two, used to enter the church singing on this day. How beautiful the effect must have been!

7th. We had a delightful excursion to the Castle Farm this afternoon. We passed a herd of cows and oxen grazing among the trees, with tinkling bells, that made the sweetest music as they bent their heads to crop the grass. Some milk-white goats and a few sheep were feeding on an open space a little to the right, while a boy, the very picture of an Arcadian shepherd, sat on a grassy mound, holding in his arms a tender little lamb, and feeding another at his side with trefoil. He let us take the little things in our arms and caress them: they were jet black, with a white cross on the top of their heads; their wool felt to be immensely thick.

12th. An important day to the Moravians, for on it their brotherhood was founded, and it is

also the anniversary of the day on which the first stone was laid of the church at Herrnhut. In consequence of this, the day is kept as a festival both there and here.

Caroline G. was admitted into the community, to her great delight, for it has been three times referred to the lot since last August, and as many times decided in the negative. If the answer had been negative this time, I believe she must have waited a year before making another trial. The last disappointment, poor thing, cost her many tears. Brother C. alluded to her long suspense in his address to-day, and said she had had this valuable opportunity of testing her own heart, and proving to herself whether she really and truly desired to become a member of this church. No one is allowed to become a member without having spent some time in a community, to prevent hasty determinations being acted on under the influence of excitement. I have been looking at the newly hatched canaries to-day—poor little blind things! They are by no means beauties in their present state—half their body seems head, and half their head seems eyes!

14*th*. Pauline's grandmother arrived this morning, and, of course, Pauline looks as joyful as possible.

16*th*. William's birthday. I hope he has duly received my birthday letter, and that the sun shines as cheerfully on him at Oxford as it does here on me. One can almost see the things growing: last week the trees were quite bare, and now they are clad in their first fresh green; the gooseberry and currant bushes are in full bud, and the cherry-tree is as white as snow. The red double polyanthus makes a great show in the garden borders, and contrasts well with the yellow and variegated species. The hyacinths are in full bloom, and the tulips will soon be out.

17*th*, *Sunday*. Pauline and two of the Sisters, in rotation, now undertake to play the accompaniments to the singers at morning prayers, each a week in their turn. Sister Z. said to me, smiling, "You would consider that a great honor, I know." I answered, "Yes; but I should be too much afraid." However, this afternoon she assembled seven or eight girls in the prayer-hall, that they might practise hymns

under her direction, and I played for them, which put my knowledge of thorough bass to the test. When it was over, Christiane came to me for her Bible lesson, in which I become quite interested myself while explaining it to her—(papa says he teaches himself in teaching others)—and I do not think she will soon forget why we celebrate Whitsun-day. She assured me she would think of it on this day fortnight, and I dismissed her with a bright face and an apple.

Sister Z. has asked me whether I thought I could walk as far as Schramberg, where there is a beautiful pottery and basket manufactory, because a large party is going there this week, including Eugene's mamma and Sister M. I shall like it of all things. We are to start at seven in the morning, and pass through the beautiful Bernegg Thal.

18*th*. To-day, as I passed Sister M.'s, Eugene cried out from the door, "Beatrice! have they told you that you are to go with us?" and Sister M. came over herself in the afternoon, to know whether I should be allowed to do so. I was just coming in from a famous ramble in the

Tonis Wald, with my hat in my hand and my dress tucked over my arm—not *quite* in company trim.

19*th.* I have enjoyed the expedition more than I can say, and Sister Z. thinks we must have walked more than eighteen English miles! At seven o'clock she and I went over to Brother M.'s, where we were soon joined by Brother F., Sophie R., and Brother and Sister A., with Anna W. As soon as the party had assembled, Eugene gave each gentleman a gentle hint to start, by presenting him with his hat and umbrella. For the latter, luckily, we had no need; the sky was deep blue, and the weather warm and lovely. The difference of temperature in the valley and on the mountains struck us very much; the tulips were in full bloom in the gardens, while ours are only in the bud; we saw corn in the ear, while here the tender little blades are only like grass.

While yet in the Black Forest, we saw an interesting-looking little girl, standing at the door of a cottage, which, with all its furniture, was about to be sold by auction. The bystanders told us that she was eleven years of age, and

the eldest of seven; that both the parents had died in February of fever, and that the children are about to be divided among their several relations. Poor little things! The little girl turned her head aside with such a sad look when Sister A. asked her if she were willing to sell her pinks, a long row of which stood on the window-sill (the Black Foresters are very fond and proud of their pinks); and yet I thought she hardly understood the question, her thoughts seemed so full of her home. This little incident, and the remarks it occasioned, saddened us for a few minutes; but the beauty of the way and the lovely weather soon restored our cheerfulness, and it was the only occurrence throughout the day to occasion even a transient gloom. The bright green of the beeches, ashes, and birches, in the valley was quite refreshing to our eyes, after constantly dwelling on the sombre fir. Brother M. and Brother F., who undertook the generalship of the party, arranged that our first halt should be at the Mönchshof, where we lunched. Our next rest was in the romantic valley of the Bernegg, in the *Kur Saal* belonging to the Baths, which have consider-

able local repute, especially in fever cases. After a second refreshment we started anew, reminding each other that we were now in Wurtemberg. The whole route through the valley is most magnificent. A little stream dashed foaming down the mountain, forming innumerable little cascades among the rocks. In some places, where the bed is very uneven, the torrent is stemmed by trunks of trees, which are laid across, one above another, so as to form a little bank below the water, that it may run more smoothly, and carry logs down to Schramberg, where they are formed into rafts, and floated onwards to the Rhine. A few years ago a poor laborer lost his life in this beautiful little river, as is announced to the traveller by a little monument erected on the spot by a companion who saw him drowning, without being able to help him. There is a striking difference in the two sides of the river. On one side the mountain rises almost perpendicularly, rocky and rugged, with here and there some enormous projecting crag, or loose block of stone, or tree growing all awry from some fissure, and threatening to fall on the traveller; on the

other side all is clad with verdure, and thickly wooded.

We paused on our way to examine some enormous ant-hills, several feet in diameter, in which millions of gigantic ants were busy at work. Their general appearance was black, but on examining them closely, I found that their bodies were partly of a red-brown color. And thus one little circumstance of interest, after another, helped to beguile the way till we reached Schramberg, a picturesque little town in the heart of the valley, and here we rested at the hotel; and here I shall leave our party for the present, for I am very tired, and want to go to bed.

20*th.* Pauline's grandmother came in, a few minutes ago, to see me. She is such a benign-looking old lady! She spoke of Pauline and of the dispersion of her family: five of her children are on missionary service; Pauline's parents are buried in Surinam, and her brother is at Niesky —her sister at school at N. On leaving me, she commended Pauline to me with tears in her eyes. Sometimes when I reflect on it, Pauline's lot appears a sad one, separated as she is from all

her relations; and yet it is enviable compared with that of the little girl we saw yesterday in the Black Forest, and her sweet and happy temper enables her to bear with cheerfulness what would induce many to repine.

And now for the remainder of our excursion. It was just noon when we reached the hotel, so we ordered dinner, and sallied forth to see the church and castle gardens. All about the church were numbers of boys and girls, from six to twelve years of age, busily pulling the palms, which are used in the straw manufactory, into strips. They are a fan-like sort of reed or rush, about a yard and a half long, and each leaf is torn into two strips. The pay is twelve kreutzers (about fourpence) the hundred-weight! The church tower was surmounted with a bulging dome, like a Turkish mosque. Thence we proceeded to the castle, which is merely a low, broad, tolerably handsome house. The chief feature of the garden is a beautiful alley of beeches, which drew forth expressions of admiration from us all. About one we returned to the hotel, where the bill of fare was as follows: *Gries* soup, bouilli, horseradish-sauce, red bil-

berries preserved in vinegar, radish-salad, sausages, veal-cutlets, spinach, fried potatoes, sponge-cake, macaroons, and almonds. We were hungry enough to do credit to it, and afterwards proceeded to the pottery, which we found very well worth seeing. We saw the stone, of which they make the stone china, brought out of the fire. After being burnt it looked like marble: we afterwards saw it reduced to powder. We arrived just in time to see the oven filled with earthenware, and the man held a light to it to show us how each piece was piled over the other, quite to the top, and told us that when it was full, the opening would be bricked up, and a fire lighted underneath. The next stage was the ware already baked; it was of a pale fawn color, and women were employed in covering it inside and out with paper, printed in the room while we were there. They laid it on, very smooth, with varnish (and oil, I think), the right side to the cup or plate; and the next operation was performed by another set of women, who rubbed it well all over. Lastly, it went to a girl, who washed it well in cold water to take the paper off, when the ware beneath it showed the

impression it had taken from the paper, and looked bright and pretty, like what we use every day. Up-stairs we saw a man engraving a copper-plate: he let me look through his glass; his work was perfect and beautiful. Two others were at work; one, drawing a pattern on white glazed china with a pencil, the lead of which was mingled, he said, with some fat substance; the other was painting the patterns after they were sketched; his hand moved quickly yet surely, and every stroke was correct. All his colors were mineral; others would not stand the fire. The gold is of a dark brown when first laid on as paint; when it has been baked, it is of a dull, pale yellow, and it is only after being well rubbed and polished that it becomes the bright glittering ornament of the china. Who, to see it only in its early stages, would ever guess what skill and industry could make it?

We took coffee at the hotel at half-past four, and, on taking up a weekly paper which lay on the table, Sister A. began to laugh, for it contained an account of the Moravians, their festivals and customs, written by some one who had been at a Sisters' Feast, and, apparently, had

been well pleased by it. After coffee we went to the straw manufactory; a *modiste* from Stuttgard was there, purchasing hats, of which there were plenty; there were also baskets of all kinds, and pretty little ornaments, and even feathers made of straw!

We returned home by a different and fatiguing route. It took us four hours; one hour of which was spent in climbing a very precipitous hill. It was very hot when we started homewards, but became cooler after sunset. Twice we met with a slow-worm, or little snake about a foot and a half long. One was almost black, the other of a bright bronze color; and when I took it in my hand, I found it as hard as a stick, and the tip of its tail so cold, that when in its writhings it touched me, I let it drop pretty suddenly.

On reaching Königsfeld, the whole party exchanged cheerful good-nights—Eugene declaring he was not in the least tired!—and Sister Z. and I were very glad to sit down to tea, bread-and-butter and pancakes, which Sister R. liberally dispensed, while we related to her our adventures.

21*st. Ascension Day.* It is such a delightful

day! warm enough for us to wear white dresses. However, we are not to put them on till Whitsun-day. *Blue*, celestial blue, is the emblematic color appropriated to Ascension Day; and, at Neuwied, the little children are always dressed in sky-blue on this festival, and all who have a dress of that color put it on. Sister R. says it was also the custom at Gnadau; therefore, she keeps it up here. There was a church service this morning at half-past eight, and a sermon at ten; after which, we all turned out into the garden or the plantation. The first class breakfasted out of doors to-day.

When we returned from church this evening, I felt rather home-sick. The band was going round and playing lovely airs suitable to the festival; the evening was delightful, the air soft and warm; those who had friends were strolling about, or pausing to chat cheerfully with those whom they met. Sisters Z. and R. were gone for a walk together—the girls were out, too; and *I* had to return to my little room all alone.

2*d*. There is a sorrowful heart in the house to-night, though few know of it. At supper, Sister R. turned to me, and said softly, "I need

not be afraid of reading this letter before you, I know. It announces the death of Sister K.'s sister, but she has not heard of it yet, and I shall have to break it to her by and by."

And I believe she did so during service time, for neither of them was in church. Poor Sister K.! she was expecting to see her sister so soon! I wonder whether she thought her in danger, and that that made her so reluctant to take part in the concert, which we thought so unsociable of her. It just shows how little we can or ought to judge of one another, and what allowances we ought to make.

23*d.* The weather is more delightful than I can express, and so warm that the girls take their walk after church in their caps. I gathered some everlasting flowers yesterday on the borders of the Tonis Wald, and to-day I made them into a couple of pretty little mats, by fastening a circular piece of cloth neatly into the little variegated wreaths into which I had woven them. I gave them to Sister Z. and Sister R. at supper-time. One exclaimed, "No!—these ideas!"—and the other, "Yes! the ideas are wonderful!" They are always excessively

pleased at any thing which appears to manifest invention or even ingenuity.

25*th.* Julie's relations have arrived to take her home. She is reluctant to go, and would gladly return to be a teacher here at some future period.

27*th.* Pauline's grandmother left us to-day, but there is some prospect of her coming eventually to live here. Pauline accompanied her as far as St. Georgien.

30*th.* The singing-hour is just over; at its conclusion, Brother C., who officiated, recommended himself and his office, as representative of the community, and also the Synod, to our prayers. He starts for Herrnhut to-morrow.

A doctor from Villingen is coming here next week, to vaccinate the whole school, as the small-pox is very prevalent in Baden.

31*st. Whitsun-day.* The first service this morning was at half-past eight, and consisted of a short liturgy, the history of the day of Pentecost, and a prayer. At ten was the sermon, with a piece from the choir, and this evening a very beautiful liturgy was sung. Dinner was at twelve as usual; our party consisted of Sister

Z., Sister R., Sister K., myself, and two visitors. The eldest, Mademoiselle C., is an exceedingly pleasant, middle-aged lady, who has been in England and Ireland, where she saw something of the Moravians; but this is the first time she has been in a German settlement. Her companion is a young cousin whom she is taking to reside in a clergyman's family, near Stuttgard, for the purpose of learning German. At present, she only speaks French; she is a tall, agreeable girl, too delicate for a school-life.

After dinner, we visited the plantation and burial-ground; on returning from which we went all over the house with our guests. Coffee awaited us in Sister R.'s room, where our party was increased by Herr S., who has come to attend the Missionary festival to-morrow, he being a missionary to the Jews. His conversation was very interesting, for he related many anecdotes of his experience among this scattered people.

June 1st. Monday in Whitsun-week. Missions Fest. A busy scene is going on in the house. The Black Foresters, many of whom come from a considerable distance to be present at this fes-

tival, come into the house in large parties of men, women, and children, and are hospitably treated by the Sisters to a good meal of coffee and bread in the dining-hall, which has already been quite full several times, and fresh comers are arriving.

Quarter-past seven. We have just supped, and I must now recall the events of the day. The missionary meeting took place at two, and lasted till past five. The whole body of the church was crowded with Black Foresters in full costume; their dresses and trimmings being black, which shows a sombre taste, though some variety was displayed in the make of their headdresses. The community squeezed themselves into an inconceivably small space, and left not a "coign of vantage" unoccupied. After a hymn and prayer, one of the four clergymen present ascended the desk and addressed the congregation, setting forth, by a variety of examples, most of them having England for their scene of action, that every one, however poor and insignificant, may be in his way a home-missionary. Each address was followed by a hymn. The next speaker was of such youthful appearance,

that as he sat among his brother-clergymen, one might have thought him Portia in doctor's disguise; so much more did he resemble some fair young girl about to plead a cause dear to her heart than a man ready and able to address multitudes to their instruction and edification. Sister Z. afterwards said she could not help being reminded by him of St. John the Apostle. When he arose, all thoughts of his youth, and gentle, girlish appearance were quickly forgotten, for he spoke in such firm and measured tones, and with such a deep sense of the importance of his subject, as to command profound attention. He related an anecdote of some children in Switzerland who assembled in the fields to pray that the Holy Spirit might descend upon them; but what interested me the most was an account of a young student of his acquaintance, who was converted from a wild life by a friendly word spoken to him in a diligence by a Moravian Sister. Her kindly demeanor to the rough, wild party, and the seasonable observations she addressed to them, never left the young man's heart till they were the means of bringing him into the right path.

The third clergyman who spoke mentioned the state of the funds, and recommended all who could contribute to them to do so willingly. He then gave an account of his late visit to Hermannsburg, a village in Lüneburg, noted for the religious spirit of its minister and inhabitants, its numerous useful and charitable institutions, and its generous support of the missionary cause. There is a college there which receives twelve fresh pupils every four years, to educate for missionaries in Africa, whither they are sent in a ship built by the voluntary contributions of the people in and about Hermannsburg. He described a Sunday spent in this place in a most interesting manner. Crowds of people from scattered dwellings attend the long services, and spend the intervals between them in the church; and, as if this were not enough, they afterwards crowd into the vestibule of the parsonage to hear a few more words of good counsel from their beloved pastor before they disperse at close of day. The indefatigable man of God then offers a thanksgiving in the bosom of his own family for having been permitted thus to spend another Lord's Day. One

of his apostolic customs is to pronounce a prayer and benediction whenever a new house is built in his parish, charging its owners to lead a godly life, that their dwelling may not be cursed to them instead of blessed. The Hanoverian government has not yet been able to abrogate the old law that the eldest son shall, on the death of his parents, be sole heir, and his younger brothers and sisters be subservient to him, for trifling wages, as farm-servants. This, he told us, renders marriage a difficulty, and occasions much sin and sorrow; against which, however, this good pastor strives successfully in his parish.

The fourth speaker was Herr S., our acquaintance of yesterday. He explained how he considered the Jewish and home missions to be connected; and then, after giving an instance or two of Jews having been converted by individual Christians in Germany, he related an interesting story of a Jewish boy in a little town in Silesia, which he concluded with the words—"And I myself am that boy!"

His story ran thus:—It happened, that about the time of his birth, his father felt a strong impulse to embrace Christianity, and though he

was withheld from it by his fear of the Jews, he sent his son at a very early age to the Sunday school, so that the child would not have known wherein he differed from Christians in general, had not his schoolfellows persecuted him and called him a little Jew. This, at length, reached such a height that the father gave his son a dog, to accompany him everywhere and protect him. The lad was not disgusted, as he might have been, with the Christian faith, by the evil conduct of these young professors of Christianity, but he was ashamed of being a Jew; and when he went to the university, he found persecution was still to be his lot, but, this time, it was for being an earnest, fervent follower of the Saviour! Was it not wonderful that the young convert was not driven back into the unbelief of his fathers? But Christ held him fast, and he held fast by Christ, and his love for Him inspired him with love and pity for the Jews. The end, therefore, was that he became a missionary to them, and his father died professing the Christian faith, though his mother, brothers, and sisters, remain unconverted.

When Herr S. had concluded, the Inspector

rose and offered a fervent prayer, after which we sang a hymn. As we went out, the collection-plates seemed pretty full of small pieces of money.

I went this afternoon to the Inspectress to acquaint her with the tenor of a letter I had received from an English lady, expressing her wish to place two very amiable daughters, friends of ours, in the school; but the Inspectress, though she listened with interest to my account of them, did not encourage their coming, saying the school is intended for children, and that though there have been several girls here between the ages of seventeen and twenty, they have all left, and the eldest is now seventeen. Besides, she says everything here is too simple for English tastes, though my having been formerly at Neuwied, and having such a kind friend in Sister Z., and having a little room to myself, prevents my feeling it.

2*d.* Sister R. formally introduced Christiane H. (one of the Swiss family who have emigrated here) to the girls' room to-day. She enters the class of older girls at the approaching festival.

Pauline played at morning prayers,—without notes, of course, as the Sisters do. She says she trembled all the time; but I dare say she will soon become used to it.

3*d*. The girls are having what they call their *Schluss*—*i. e.* a service to close their year, because to-morrow is the "Girls' Feast." The Inspector conducts it in the *Chor Saal*. When they come down, I am to join the Sisters in singing some verses of benediction. At present, there are only three Moravian girls in Königsfeld,—the others do not belong to the community; but to-morrow there will be an addition of six—Caroline B., Sophie K., Lydia R., Marie A., and Christiane and Anna H. All the girls belonging to the room, however, celebrate it as if they were Moravians, and Sister Z. says I may do so too.

4*th*. *Mädchen Fest*,—the Girls' Feast. This morning, on returning to my room, I found myself locked out, and presently, when I was admitted, I found the white curtains beautifully festooned with green, and a saucer of the gayest flowers placed on my table. On my saying, "How *can* they be so kind to me?" Pauline re-

plied with an affectionate smile, "Because they love you." I found I was indebted to Amélie and her sister, and, on my thanking them, they said, "Oh, this is your festival as well as ours! and, if you are pleased, we are delighted." Some of the Sisters had sung the girls up at half-past four. At half-past six, we all breakfasted together. We all wore white, and I had bows of the girls' color, which is a beautiful red. After breakfast, Sister R. read the texts and a psalm, and then drew a text for us each. Mine was, "Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee." (Gen. xxvi. 24.)

We strolled about the garden and corridors till the ten o'clock service, which was conducted by the Inspector. The mothers and Sisters of the girls who were going to be admitted were present. We all sat on the front bench, and these six girls in the centre, just in front of the desk, on each side of which sat Sister Z. and Sister R.; so that, after the hymns and the Inspector's beautiful address, they might step forward to the girls, and take the "children's ribbon" (a reddish pink) from their Moravian caps, which they put on this morning for the first

time, and put in the "girls' ribbon," which they had fastened to their girdles. Sister Z. took three, and Sister R. three, and, as each was finished, they laid their hand on her head and gave her a kiss. All sang while this was going on; then a prayer was offered, a hymn sung, and the service ended. The Sisters had beautifully decorated the prayer-hall with flowers and blooming plants, and the desk was festooned with a thick wreath of beech-leaves, round which were twined lilies-of-the-valley.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly. The Love-feast was at three o'clock in the *Chor Saal;* after which we all went for a walk to the *Berg Garten*, and returned laden with trailing boughs of laburnum and the fragrant lilac. The last service was at half-past seven.

5th. This being what they call the *Nach Fest*, (after festival), we made a little excursion to the Mönchshof. Each time I go, I find new spots or points of view to admire. The beauty of the forest glades, the dells, and heights, with the peculiarly picturesque houses scattered here and there, must be seen to be appreciated. The custom of building the houses so that in front

both stories are seen, but at the back only one, is singular, but has a good reason. The back is only used as a stable, or barn, and beneath it are cellars, which are all the better for being underground—therefore, if there be not a natural slope, an artificial one is raised over the cellars to the stable.

6*th.* The midsummer vacation has begun!

7*th. Trinity Sunday Evening.* I have been standing at the door, listening to the band playing hymns in the plantation, while the Sisters and the school have been promenading up and down to enjoy the music and the lovely evening. The white dresses and light muslins, which every one is glad to put on on such a day, made the scene quite a gay one.

9*th.* The weather is rainy; but, if it prove fine, one division of us will make a holiday excursion to Freiburg, and the other to the Lake of Constance. My name is on the list for the latter.

11*th.* The Freiburg party started this morning in the van. All were in high spirits, though the weather was not very promising. It has continued fitful all day—alternate sunshine and

shower. Meanwhile a grand cleaning of the schoolroom has taken place.

13*th.* The excursion party returned to-day, as merry as when they started, though they had such bad weather yesterday in Freiburg, that they could only get out to see the cathedral. They were as affectionately received on their return as if their absence had been of much longer duration. I believe we shall start next Tuesday.

15*th.* "So, to-morrow morning at six, you know!"—Such were the Inspector's last words to me as our little party separated at the door of the *Gemein logis;* and I thanked him with a very joyful face, for that little sentence told me that we are really to start to-morrow for—the Lake of Constance, I was going to say; but Pauline and Marie just then looked in to announce the result of a conference which the Inspector has since had with Brother F. and Brother W., to the effect that there is every sign and appearance of to-morrow being wet, and that we shall not start till Wednesday.

We had quite a pleasant little tea-party this afternoon, at Mademoiselle C.'s. There were

Sister Z., Sister R., and also the Inspector and Inspectress. Mademoiselle C. has arranged for Mademoiselle A. to remain here instead of going to the clergyman's family, which pleases us all. She and I are to read German and French together, and walk out together.

The Inspectress has a sad communication to make to poor Eugénie. Her eldest sister, Cécile, is dead, and they have no mother. This is the second of my former schoolfellows that has died within the year. Oh! if any one had pointed them out severally to us, and said, "*She* will live but a few months, and *she* but a year," what would have been our thoughts and feelings towards them? and yet no one of us can say her own turn may not come next. "Oh, that we were wise, that we remembered this, that we considered our latter end!" and yet we go on so thoughtlessly, from day to day!

16*th*. Mademoiselle A. called to-day to ask me to accompany her to the stationer's, and then we took a little turn round the "place." I told her the routine of our French class, which she is to join, and she seemed to dread for the future nothing but the *Analyse logique*.

We are to read all sorts of nice books together.

17*th.* Here is a place for journalising! We are *now* sitting in the van at Baldingen, waiting for the horses to be put to, and surrounded by all the children of the village. Emma F. gave one little girl a tract, and immediately a group gathered round her while she exhibited her powers of spelling. We preferred returning to the van to sitting any longer in the present inn, where we put up, half an hour ago, to partake of a second breakfast of bread and wine, of which I was very glad, having had only time for half a cup of coffee before we started. Pauline called me before five, and we set off at six. The road as far as Villingen was known to us, and therefore had not much interest; but the sight of the electric telegraph wire, which crosses from this part of the country uninterrupted to Edinburg, drew forth a remark from Caroline, for which she was well laughed at, as it showed she thought the communications were conveyed thither on *written paper.*

Travelling onwards, we reached Dürrheim, where are salt baths and a salt factory. On

coming to the foot of a steep hill, we alighted and walked up it, and then saw the magnificent chain of the Schwäbische Alp, with the snow lying on the top, and in the recesses of the Feldberg. Herr Inspector pointed out the granite jutting here and there from the red sandstone of the hill we were climbing; and, on examining the stone heaps by the road side, we found many fossil shells, especially ammonites. The next place we came to was Baldingen, where I am now writing my interesting remarks in the van.

Engen. Three-quarters past three, P. M. We arrived here an hour ago, and put up at a good hotel, where we have had coffee and rolls, and some of us are now playing on the piano, while the Inspector has gone out into the town. We next came through Geisingen, on the Danube, which is there only a few yards broad, and flows from between hills well wooded with beech, oak, and maple, through an open valley prettily studded with villages. We walked along its banks till the stream bent its course to the left, and as we went we gathered wild-flowers, tufted campanulas of the richest purple-violet, and the

small wild pink, with which the meadows were perfectly carpeted. The next place was Hausen, just beyond which we saw the Lake of Constance in the distance. This created a great excitement in the van, every one wanting to have the first view of it. The scenery from that spot became mountainous and beautiful, and expressions of delight were frequently uttered till we arrived here.

Stockach. Quarter-past nine, P. M. We arrived at half past eight, and are waiting for supper. The task of dividing the bedrooms, and arranging who are to sleep together, is at length over, and we are able to sit down quietly to read or write. Anna Gabrielle, Fräulein O., and I, are to occupy this beautiful large room, with its painted ceiling and pianoforte.

On leaving Engen, we passed through verdant, undulating country: women and girls were seen busily engaged in cutting forage for their cows; the corn was slightly waving in the delicious summer air. I was surprised to see it in the ear; there is no sign of an ear yet at Königsfeld. We went a long way through forests, an opening in which afforded us a

charming glimpse of the Kurfursten Alps (of St. Gallen and Appenzel), with the Sentis. On leaving the forests we looked back to admire their magnificent appearance from the foot of the steep slope thus clothed with verdure. On one side the forest was composed of beech, oak, and maple; on the other of fir.

Passing along a high-road bordered with cherry-trees (the fruit still no bigger than peas), we came to Aach, an ancient little village on the summit of a steep hill, the sides of which were clothed with vineyards and orchards. We alighted to see the source of the Aach, a tributary branch of the Danube. It rises suddenly out of the rocks, as a stream a few yards broad, and no one has yet been able to discover whence it springs. One supposition is, that it is the continuation of some river which loses itself under ground and reappears, like 'the sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood' under our English Box Hill. It is so deep at the source that the body of a man who was drowned there last year has never been found.

After gathering ivy and flowers from the rocks, we returned to our carriage, and pro-

ceeded to Eigelingen, where I observed hops growing as in England. The evening became more and more delicious, and our spirits rose in proportion. We sang one canon after another, only stopping to cry out with delight when we beheld the Alps, with white fleecy clouds below and above them. We arrived at Neuzengen just as the bells were ringing for evening service. A good supper of soup, veal, salad, and pancakes, made us some amends, as Herr Inspector said, for having had no dinner. He told us that we are all invited to take coffee to-morrow afternoon at Herr and Madame S.'s, whose daughter was at school at Königsfeld a year or two ago. After supper, we sang a benedictory verse, and then Herr Inspector wished us good night.

18*th*. Four o'clock in the morning. In my bed at Stockach. We are to start at six for the lake, which is a good hour's walk from here; but Anna, Gabrielle, and I cannot lie still, and have already been several times to the window to see what is going on. It seems so strange to be here! At three, I was aroused by the soft sounds of a post horn, on which the conductor

was playing a pleasant melody before starting. The air was still, the moon shone clear and bright, all was hushed except in the busy court opposite to us, where coaches were coming in, others just about to start, ostlers at the horses' heads, coachmen flourishing their long whips, and passengers at the windows. A little later, we must needs jump up to see what band of music could be passing by. Gabrielle pretends to be hungry, so I have been throwing her biscuits; and now I shall get up.

Tuttlingen. Ten P. M. After morning prayers with the Inspector, we sat down to a nice breakfast of coffee, hot rolls, and butter, and then started for the Lake of Constance, which we reached at a quarter-past eight, after a delightful walk through forest scenery, with the Alps before us all the way. The lake appeared perfectly shut in by wooded and vine-clad hills, with the Alps in the background. When we reached Ludwigshaven, a village on the banks of the lake, we tasted some of the red wine grown there, and then rowed across to the village of Bodmann, to see Bodmannsburg, an old crumbling castle ruin at the summit of a steep

hill, five hundred feet high. We enjoyed our half hour on the lake exceedingly, and dipped our hands into its green waters. The Inspector says all the Swiss lakes are green except that of Geneva. We could not sufficiently admire the extensive chain of the Tyrolese Alps to our left.

The ascent to the Bodmannsburg was, as the Inspector called it, "a terribly sour affair." Some thought they must give it up, yet were unwilling to relinquish seeing the view, so the Inspector went to their assistance. Emilie began to cry, and would not be helped, nor go alone, but remained about fifty yards below us.

The first part of our way lay through a field where the corn was over our heads, *and the sun too*, as we felt pretty severely; but all the rest of our route was through a delightfully cool forest, only so very, very steep! But notwithstanding I was ready to sink, I did manage to scramble hither and thither for sundry wild flowers that were both beautiful and uncommon.

We mounted to a part of the ruin which is railed round for a belvedere, and from there had a splendid view of an extensive hilly plain

studded with villages and forests. The lake lay below us in its beauty; and Herr Inspector told us that where it was darkest, it was deepest. Some of us did what we could towards celebrating ourselves by carving our names on the wooden railing, and others climbed a steep bank to gather wild strawberries for the Inspector and teachers.

The return was *shaky*, but swift. On reaching the boat, Mina was missing; but no sooner had a party started in search of her than she appeared. She said that, having inadvertently lost sight of us, she had returned to the ruin, hoping to find some of the party there, but, finding it deserted, had hastened down after us. Two aged men met her, and, seeing her anxiety and trouble, encouraged her with a text of Scripture, and directed her which way to go.

We left Bodmann at a quarter of eleven. Our "carriage" met us on the other side, and took us back to Stockach, where we dined at twelve, on very excellent rice-soup, veal, potatoes, and salad, with lake wine.

In crossing the lake, we had heard a salute

fired at Bodmann in honor of Corpus Christi; and, for the same reason, the streets of Stockach were strewed and garlanded with green, and there was a procession in the course of the morning. The Inspector said that the festivities were partly in memory of Ulrich von Wurtemberg having bravely defended Stockach as on this day. At one, we went to our coffee-party at Madame S.'s. She is the head of a large and apparently very wealthy family, living in a large white, square, substantial house, much such as we see in England, and surrounded by a garden. They met us at the entrance, and took us up to a saloon opening on each side into boudoirs (with beds in them). Here we were served with delicious coffee and boiled cream by the lady and her eldest daughter. Both were much dressed: the little girls were all in white. Pastry and biscuits were handed round; then ornamented raspberry-sandwiches, rout-cakes, and cherries. There was a pretty doll's house for Gabrielle to play with. We left at a quarter past three for Tuttlingen, where we now are. I had the upper seat in the van, so that I could talk to the driver,—the nicest,

most good-natured man imaginable! He answers all our questions with the greatest readiness, and I sometimes see him shaking with silent laughter at our talk among ourselves. Near a village, we passed hundreds of geese returning from pasture, and I looked for "the goose-mother," spoken of in "Louisa von Plettenhaus," but in vain. On reaching the boundaries of Baden and Wurtemberg, I observed posts set up, painted in stripes of red and yellow for Baden, and red and black for Wurtemberg.

We now drove down-hill all the way through the black mountains of Wurtemberg. On the road-side were limes and mountain ashes. At half-past eight we arrived here, at Tuttlingen, which is a large town on the Danube, drove to the best inn, the "Bär," and went to look at the bedrooms, which we were selecting in a very complacent manner, when the host told us he could not accommodate more than nine of our party, as he must keep rooms for regular visitors. It was decided, therefore, that the Inspector, Fräulein K., Emilie, Louise, and I, should go to another inn, leaving Fräulein O. to take care

of the rest. Herr Inspector knew there was no other really good inn in the town, so we turned into the first we saw, the "Hecht,"—which was certainly a contrast to the "Bär." However, the landlord and landlady seemed to feel themselves highly honored by our company, and did all they could to receive us in a suitable manner. A gendarme came in, to see what visitors had arrived, and Herr Inspector was asked for his name; and I really think the business of writing it down took up half an hour. What the old, grim-looking, gendarme, and the landlord, and another man were doing over the great book all the time, I can't say, but we saw they were occupied with us, because in the midst of the conference they asked the Inspector if he had a passport. He only answered "No," half smiling; he knew it was not necessary.

A young lady, who was formerly in the school, came in and chatted with the Inspector during supper. The arrival of our van had been reported through the town, apparently as at Stockach. The preparations for our repast were conducted with great care; our host having spread the table with a cloth which had a

diminutive hole in it, hastily exchanged it for another, with many apologies. Having done credit to the soup, pancakes, and salad, we retired to bed. The delicate attention had been paid us of placing slippers at our bedside, but I observed that mine were very capacious, and much down at heel.

19*th*. *Spaichingen*. Just arrived, and waiting for dinner. We breakfasted at six this morning, and then went to the "Bär," to look for our companions, who informed us with an air of grandeur that their supper and breakfast had been served on plate! We walked about the town, looking for little things to buy, as souvenirs of the place. I bought a little bronze basket for myself, and a Biblia for Pauline. The shopman told me that the extensive ruin on the mountain behind the town was called Homburg, and had been dismantled by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War. Tuttlingen is an evangelical town. We just peeped into the church, where the minister in full black gown, was catechising some children. Then, Fräulein O. took us to the Institution for Destitute Children, most of them of depraved pa-

rents. There was a little fellow four years old there, who was sent thither in the diligence last month, with nothing on him but his little shirt! Every thing was very simple but very clean, and the children looked happy; they called their master and mistress "father" and "mother." The boys were working in the garden; they are apprenticed afterwards to trades, and the girls are placed in service.

The prison at Tuttlingen is at the top of the church tower! it looks rather horrible, when one knows what it is. We resumed our homeward journey at half-past nine. The weather was excessively hot, although our way frequently lay through the deep shade of forests.

The first place we passed through was Wurmlingen, where there was an old church. Then came Weilheim; after which we could see, more and more distinctly, the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, for which we were bound. Leaving Dürbheim on the right, we passed through Bietheim and Balgheim, the latter of which is at the foot of the Holy Trinity Mountain. So is Spaichingen, where we now are; we can see the chapel just in front of us from the inn win-

dow. It is the principal place of pilgrimage for the Roman Catholics around, who flock to it in great numbers on Trinity Sunday. Some sleep below the previous night; others ascend and lodge in the hotel on the summit, or in the chapel itself. The chiefs of our party think the weather too hot for us to climb the mountain, which I much regret. The priest lives down here, so he has to mount every week.

Schweningen. Five, P. M. The Inspēctor half thought of our going straight on to Königsfeld without stopping here, but having incautiously said, "Is any one hungry or thirsty?" so many replied, "Oh yes, very!" that he directly ordered a halt and had rolls and wine brought to us. We left Spaichingen at a quarter-past one, and travelled uphill, to the great fatigue of the poor horses. At length, on a steep forest-road, we alighted, and walked on, hunting for strawberries; but, though plentiful, they were unripe; so much colder are these regions than those we have been visiting. We are close to the source of the Neckar. The women here wear red stockings, and red handkerchiefs thrown over their heads to protect them from the sun.

Königsfeld. Ten, P. M. We sang hymns on our way from Schweningen, concluding with "The grace of our Lord," after which we sat hushed and still under the sobering influences of advancing night. Arriving here, we were welcomed home by many kind and cheerful voices; and, after a little chat with dear Sister Z. and Sister R., I joined my fellow-travellers at the tea-table, where each found her plate surrounded by a wreath of flowers, with a bouquet beside it. And now I must go to bed, for I am certainly tired! What a pleasant time, though, we have had!

20*th. Ten at night.* Such a fearful storm is raging! I have but just returned to my room, for Sister Z. and Sister R. fetched me to theirs, for safety. They say they do not remember to have ever known such a storm in their lives. It has thundered and lightened without ceasing for a moment, until now. The whole heavens are illuminated, and the rain pours in torrents. How fortunate were we in returning last night! I went to thank the Inspector to-day for my pleasant excursion.

There is a pretty hymn, which says:

"How fearfully the tempest roars!
The rain in rattling torrents pours,
My trembling soul that Power adores
Who bade this tempest rise;
The wind and storm fulfil His word,
In them His glorious voice is heard,
By Him the electric fires are stirr'd;
Ruler of earth and skies!

"Sweet voice! full well I know its tones!
Though least of all the little ones,
For His my dear-bought soul He owns;
That soul He will defend.
While in this troubled world I stay.
He will watch o'er me, night and day,
Never forsake me, come what may,
But keep me to the end!"

22*d.* I have just been writing papa a description of our delightful little journey. I shall never forget it, I am sure, for the pleasure it gave me. *Everything* was delightful! Nothing went wrong, nothing was disagreeable, nothing annoyed me. I enjoyed all I saw, all that happened; and so, I think, did my companions. Leigh Richmond told his daughters they owed an account of the pleasures they received on their journeys to those who had afforded them. I have reason to be very, *very* thankful, only I feel as if I never should get rested.

Sister Z. says I may lie in bed till nine

o'clock to-morrow morning; *then*, she thinks, she shall hear no more of my being tired. A number of Sisters are going to Triberg, to see the falls to-morrow, and have invited me to accompany them. I am sure this would rest me, if any thing would; however, I declined, and Sister Z. approves of it, as she thinks they will have wet weather.

23*d*. I really *am* rested now, and I really *did* lie in bed till nine o'clock this morning; though, when I heard the Sisters preparing to set off at half-past seven, I started up and told Pauline I would go. She ran off to tell them; but Sister Z. came in and said, "No, no! you must not think of it; lie still and rest." So I had not my choice.

I walked with Mademoiselle A. to-day, and we spoke in German together; but Sister Z. says that must not be—half the time we must speak French. Mademoiselle A. calls French a poor language, and says it has but eighty thousand words, whereas German has double that number, and English has one hundred thousand. How far she may be correct, I know not.

24*th*. Mademoiselle A. and I read and worked

together this morning, and then took a walk in the forest, speaking half the time in German, and half in French. The Sisters returned last night, tired, but pleased with their excursion. There have been many incendiary fires lately, preceded by threatening notices: they saw a conflagration at a distance.

25th. This warm weather makes me feel idle again. This afternoon I had a two hours' solitary ramble in the forest; birds were singing, grasshoppers chirping, and the wind boisterously playing among the tree-tops. A strange feeling steals over one in solitude that yet has so much life. One cannot feel lonely, and yet one starts at the sudden movement of a lizard among the warm leaves, or the call of a squirrel as he travels up and down his tree. I played hide-and-seek with a bold little fellow as he climbed a bare trunk, and dodged from side to side of it to see if I were watching him. At length he nimbly descended, and scampered across the turf to another tree, where he found a good perch, and then sat, with his tail curled up his back, apparently immersed in deep thought.

This being the anniversary of the presentation

of the "Confession of Augsburg," a history of it was read to-night.

27*th*. After church there was a busy scene in the gallery and play-ground, for half-a-dozen Sisters were engaged in carrying away the chips left by the workmen during the week. Sister Z. and I helped to fill the baskets. Sister K. cried, "Fräulein Beatrice there too! That wood will burn well!"

28*th*, *Sunday*. After service this warm evening, every one was glad to breathe the open air; but I remained walking up and down the corridor, pausing every now and then to watch the various little groups out of doors, strolling round the square, or stopping to chat, while the musicians in some unseen quarter played and sang hymns. Here a married couple were taking a quiet evening stroll; there a papa and mamma, arm-in-arm, with their little daughters walking orderly before them; now a party of boys, turning the corner with their master, all subdued into quiet by the sweet and solemn music, the youngest boy holding the teacher's hand, and, apparently, having some confidential communication with him. On the footpath stood

two little girls, one relating something in a very animated style, which, in conclusion, made the other fairly jump for joy! Every now and then my solitary observations were pleasantly interrupted by a Sister passing in or out, always with a friendly smile and word for me.

29th. The west wind howls round the house to-day, and whistles through the keyholes. It is well known that a gale on shore is generally a sign that the sea is calm; and so it is with the forest. If the wind blusters ever so much out of it, along the high-road or in the fields, directly you step into the forest it is still. I should rather say, you *feel* it no more, for you hear it raving over your head, where it waves the crest of the mighty forest with its powerful breath, to a degree that is almost terrific, while you have a pleasant sense of immunity from its violence, and enjoy the peaceful calm.

The evening has been dull and rainy. I believe the rain is wanted, to swell the ears of the corn. I am quite interested in the rye, because it makes my favorite black bread.

July 1st. Life is a journey—from one room to another, with me. I am now in the "new room," which I am henceforth to occupy, and I am to

sleep with dear Sister Z., as Sister R. is too unwell to give up her own room any longer. The only thing that grieves me is, that Pauline will not wait on me any longer; however, I shall take a lively interest in her, and I have promised to teach her English.

2*nd.* There is no service for us to-night, it being the Brothers' and Sisters' "Preparation" for the monthly Communion, which is received exclusively by themselves, no one else being admitted unless by express permission from the Conference; otherwise, I should have been glad to partake of it. I have opened my window that I may hear the trumpets sound when the service begins. Trumpets being used on all festive occasions here, are consequently blown at the feast of the Lord's Supper, and at the preparation for it.

If I did not miss Pauline in her affectionate anxiety to supply every want and wish, I should have nothing to regret, for Louise is most attentive, and always with a smiling face. It is very kind of Sister Z. to let her wait on me, I think. She has had some prepared body-colors sent from Dresden for me, that I may continue the

new style of flower-painting I am learning, when I return to England. It is very easy and effective; the worst is, there is so little in it.

3rd. I gave Pauline her first English lesson to-day, which was pleasant to both. In future she is to come to me regularly on Tuesday and Friday mornings, from half-past seven to half-past eight.

4th. The concert is to be on Monday or Tuesday: that is better than Sunday. We have just had a fatiguing practice for it. Poor Sister R. will not be well enough to attend it.

5th, Sunday. How thrillingly mournful are the tones of the trumpets when tuned to the solemn sacramental hymns! One could almost shed tears to hear them, and yet it is a holy festival. I would I were one of those now assembled at the Lord's table; it seems always to strengthen my poor efforts to do what I ought to do, and refrain from what I should not do. I will endeavor, as Sister Z. admonished me the other day, to examine myself carefully whether I am likely to be in a fit frame of mind to receive it worthily on the next opportunity, which will be on the 13th of August.

PART VI.

July 7th. Yesterday being the anniversary of the martyrdom of John Huss, in 1415, the liturgy in memory of the martyrs was sung at night.

10*th.* Sister B. invited me to accompany her and two other Sisters to-day to Vohrenbach, to see "the wonderful clock." It really *is* wonderful in itself, and wonderful as the work of a poor Black Forester, who stood smiling with unconcealed pleasure at our expressions of surprise and admiration. The Grand Duke Frederic of Baden has purchased it. It should be called a piece of clock-mechanism rather than a clock; it has the size and tones, though not the appearance, of an organ. The maker calls it an *Orchestrion*, because it contains or imitates all kinds of instruments, bells inclusive. He opened the case below, to show us the drum, triangle, and clapper. It is also surmounted by a large shal-

low drum, in front of which, and on each side, are innumerable brazen trumpets, which have a very imposing appearance. Most of the works are visible, and so are the barrels, of which there are thirty, sliding in and out. He is adding to their number, by order of the Duke. The pieces we heard were one of Beethoven's Symphonies, and the Overtures to "Oberon" and "William Tell," all magnificently played. On some inquiry being made as to the reward of his three or four years' labor, he shrugged his shoulders, and, with a smile, said, "We do not make that generally known."

Vohrenbach is situated on the Bräg, the other of the two little rivers, which, uniting, form the Danube; so now I have seen them both, and can well remember them from a little rhyme Antonia C. taught me,

"Brigach und Bräg bringt Donau z' Heg."

16*th*. I have actually spent a whole happy year here! I ought to be, and I am, thankful. The weather is literally melting; just as it was last summer, when William wrote to me from Heidelburg that "it was even too hot to lie on

the sofa and read novels." I think half the Sisters must have taken refuge in the forest, for when I went to gather rushes to weave a basket in which to collect bilberries for Sister Z., I saw them scattered about in all directions, on camp-stools and stumps of trees, one reading, another working, and here and there, a sociable little group of knitters with one reading aloud; I, alas! did no work to boast of, except setting to rights my "bag of disorder."

Emma F. told me the sad history of Emma G. She had a bad father, who, coming home one night in a state of intoxication bordering on madness, went up to the bed in which she and her mother were sleeping, drew out a pistol, and shot her mother dead!—then fled, and has never since been heard of! Emma, then about nine or ten years of age, was roused by this dreadful act, found her mother dead at her side, and saw her father rushing away. How she passed the night, I know not; but when the terrible story became known, she was taken to live with some relations (millers, I believe), where she was set to every kind of rough work. And though in later years, they sent her here to obtain a good

education, she has now returned to them, and has to go into the fields to cut fodder for the cattle, or to watch the cows. Poor girl! she was much liked here, she was so amiable. Perhaps, on the whole, her mental resources now comfort her; though frequently they must embitter her lot. I wonder how that is. One would like to know what she thinks of, as she sits knitting in the shade, watching the herd—perhaps humming one of our hymns—doubtless, often thinking of us!

17*th.* Last night I was awaked by a loud clap of thunder. I saw Sister Z. preparing to go to Sister R., and soon after, Louise came to me and asked me if I would not like to rise, as all the Sisters and girls had left their beds and gone down stairs. The storm was so dreadful that the house-doors were unlocked and unbolted, to facilitate our escape, in case the house should be struck by lightning. However, we were mercifully spared.

Sister B. is going to give me a little canary, to tame and take with me to England. Oh, what care I shall bestow upon it!

18*th.* Sister B. met me returning from the

garden this morning, and said, "I was looking for you—I have something to say to you. Perhaps, though, you have been told already!" I smiled, but did not speak, so she continued, "I heard yesterday that you would like to possess a canary. Had I known it sooner, you should have had one long ago; however, come now and make your choice." I gladly obeyed, and selected a bird with pale plumage, and a dark top-knot, and Sister B., placing the cage in my hands, said she rejoiced to bestow it on so good a little mistress. The little creature will be ten weeks old next Monday, and is reported to be clever, and to have sung at three weeks old! This I can hardly believe; but I love my dear little "Matzchen" already.

19*th*, *Sunday*. The text this morning was, "My yoke is easy and my burthen light," and Herr Inspector, who preached on it, made it touch a chord in every heart. Much as his sermons impress me always, I never so strongly felt him to be what the world calls a powerful preacher. Nor is the fervor of his address lessened by his commanding appearance, expansive, intellectual, brow, and penetrating eye.

20th. Matzchen already eats out of my hand and out of my mouth! Every one is astonished at his marvellous progress in education.

21st. This is Lime-blossom harvest: it has been quite amusing to see the Sisters perched up in the trees, gathering the fragrant blossoms —sweet as those in Sacharissa's Walk! They are much used here in sick-rooms, for their sedative properties. They are dried in the shade; and the little long leaf out of which the blossom grows, is used too.

The boys have just returned from their long excursion, making the whole place ring with their shouts. Those who were left behind, are doubtless glad enough to see them.

The bath-house is now nearly finished, and the workmen are now repairing the laundry. Sister Z. puts me so in mind of dear mamma! always altering something for the better—"here a little and there a little."

24th. Shall I try to follow Frederic the Great's direction for writing a diary? He says, that "if one will be read, one must remember, in order to please, that

"Der Styl des Doctors nicht genügt allein,
Man schreibe einfach, elegant und fein
Und misch' ein wenig Spott mit ein."

28*th*. The days begin visibly to shorten; visitors will soon begin to arrive for the 13th of August. The country is now very lovely; little tracts of cultivated ground literally *smile* amid the forests, beneath a sky of the richest blue. The various shades of barley, half ripe for cutting, the wheat still green, and the freshly-mown meadows, relieving the dark background of firs, give effect to the landscape; while the picturesque farm-houses dotted here and there, seem placed as by an artist's hand. Add to this—what no painter's hand can represent—the sweet tinkling of the cow-bells in the distance, and nothing is wanting to the enchantment of the scene.

August 1*st*. We have been amusing ourselves in the play-ground this afternoon, all but some one who tore her dress, and who went away to mend it, little regretted by those she quitted. I will not enter on my page the name of this girl —she is one of whom the steady-minded say among themselves she is injurious to the school.

The Sisters would be sorry and displeased enough if they knew it, and yet, who shall tell? How sad that there should be so bad an example among so many who are so young! It is some consolation that the general voice is against her—it might be the other way, in a misconducted school, and the *good* girl might be the exception.

Since we are sure to meet with mixed characters in the world, it may be that it is good for us to do so before we enter it, that we may learn to "choose the good and refuse the evil."

While we were relieving ourselves by inveighing against ——'s conduct, a post-chaise drove briskly up to the inn; and some one, half joking, said, "There's your sister, Bertha!" —knowing she was to be expected this month. Bertha ran to the play-ground gate, and eagerly looked out, but others cried, "Oh, for shame, it is only a joke!" others, "It *may* be she, who can tell?" till at last the poor child, after anxiously looking from one to another to know which to believe, became suddenly much excited, and cried, "Oh, let me run! it *is* my sister!"

And the next minute they were in each other's arms in the middle of the road!

2*nd*. The girls have told about ——'s conduct and conversation, so the Inspectress will be sure to hear of it at the next Conference. Meantime Fräulein O. has been talking to her very severely, so it is to be hoped she will do no more mischief at present. Her position and feelings cannot be very enviable.

"Don't tell" seems to be a code of honor among the majority of school-girls, school-boys, and servants; but I cannot think it a wise one. Telling tales for mischief's sake has, of course, something mean in it; but telling for the sake of *preventing* mischief must surely be quite the reverse; and, in so far as it requires moral courage, and incurs a certain degree of odium, may have even something high-minded in it.

How affection draws affection! I am sure there is little enough I can do for any of the Sisters,—except love them: yet, just now, when I was wishing Sister M. "good night," it being too dark for her to see who it was, I added, "It is I—Beatrice," on which she caught hold of both my hands, and exclaimed, "Ach! die liebe,

liebe Beatrice!" (Oh! the dear, *dear*, Beatrice!) And, the other evening, as Sister L. came up to the garden-door at which I was standing, she held out her hand for me to take, and I, not comprehending the movement, was merely passing her with "good night," when she seized my hand with both hers, exclaiming, "Ach! ich habe sie so gerne!" (Oh! you are so dear to me!) Surely, I ought to be grateful for this.

3rd. I walked with —— in the plantation to day. She made it her own request, saying, "Je n'ai personne à demander; toutes sont fâchées contre moi." My first impulse was to answer her request with a negative, but I felt it would be cruel, and also unnecessary, as it was hardly likely she would dare, after what had passed, to transgress in like manner again, so I consented, adding with real compassion, "Pauvre enfant!"—which certainly touched her, for she looked very forlorn at being so completely shunned by all. If she would but profit by this sad lesson, and change! It is such a pity she should not, for she is a girl of great abilities and talents, with a lively imagination

and ready wit, which at present only render her dangerous.

How quickly time runs on!—the 13th will soon be here. Visitors are arriving day by day—chiefly from Strasburg and Basle.

5th. I have been writing to Louise. I never can cease to regret her leaving Königsfeld. We were such good friends, and so happy in each other's company! No one has since been able to fill her place to me.

I think I may actually say that this has been quite the hottest day I have ever known. Notwithstanding our having lately been seasoned, as it were, to bear the heat, it became so oppressive about noon that one and all complained of headache and extreme drowsiness. For my part, I felt so insupportably sleepy that I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself down to sleep on the floor. I can now perfectly understand why people in hot climates require a siesta. In the course of the afternoon, a strong wind rose which fanned the sultriness out of the air, but the heat seemed to remain the same. Why, the wind is whistling round the house as if it were autumn!

6th. Such a hurricane blew up at about four this afternoon, and so suddenly, that I was astonished. It brought with it thunder, torrents of rain, and hailstones as large as marbles, which clattered against the windows so violently that the shutters were closed to prevent the windows from being dashed in.

9th, Sunday. To-day was "preparation for the Holy Communion." Herr Inspector, who addressed us, dwelt particularly on the nature of the service being designed to incite us to prepare *ourselves*, observing that no admonitions of others can prepare us, but that we must look into our own hearts, and, by reflection and prayer, through the grace of God, fit ourselves to partake of the blessed Supper, to which we are all invited. This time, there are only three from the school, besides myself, to receive the Communion, so we shall go with the girls' room. Two old gentlemen were present at the service, who have come from Muhlhausen to be present at the festival. They are not Moravians, but wished to become acquainted with their ceremonies. One of them has a venerable appearance: both are deaf; and they sit on the

front bench with the very youngest of the boys, attending with deep interest to the service.

10*th.* Eugene came to-day to see how tame my canary is, and Matzchen showed off to advantage, feeding from my mouth, perching on my shoulder, peeping at himself in the glass, and as full of antics as a kitten.

11*th.* Eugene liked his visit so well yesterday that to-day he brought Rudolf to see the wonderful canary! I was gathering currants, and invited them to help me, after which we went to play with Matzchen.

12*th.* Sister Z. was half the morning in my room, showing and selling to visitors the pretty works for sale. She was so pleased to-day to see me walking up stairs with Matzchen perched on my finger, that she says she shall send me her canary to tame. We have been gathering wild raspberries on the Rother Wald, where they grow in immense quantities. Scarcely anything is to be seen there but bushes loaded with the finest, ripest fruit.

The history of the 13th was finished to-night. The account is very beautiful and affecting of the various regulations that were made, in the

anxious desire to secure unity among the Brethren, and the manner in which they were received, and, above all, the seal which was set to their bond of unity by all receiving the Communion together, with hearts full of love towards each other and the Saviour.

13*th*. It has been my privilege to spend this festival a second time here. Three new members were admitted at the early service; and the day has closed with the administration of the Lord's Supper. There is nothing new to record, but the day has been calm and happy.

14*th*. Sister R. tells me that the proprietress of the Mönchshof is quite vexed that her youngest daughter will not marry. It is the Black Forest custom for the *youngest* son, or, if there be no son, the youngest daughter, to inherit the paternal house and farm, and to enter into the possion of them on marrying, even if the parents be still living. These latter remove into a sort of jointure-house, at least, a small dwelling close at hand, always built with that view, adjoining the Black Forest farm-houses, and used, as long as the children remain unmarried, as a kind of storehouse and place for lumber.

17*th.* I little expected to spend another *Kinder Fest* here. This morning, a young girl passed her arm through mine, and, leading me away into the Sisters' dormitory, knelt down, and asked me to pray with her. I was startled; but, after a few moments' silent thought, and having assured myself that we were quite alone, unheard and unseen in that deep window-recess by any but our God, I did pray, and, as I concluded, she followed the example; and may it please our Heavenly Father to hear these our humble petitions for grace to spend the present year better than the last! My companion was a young Roman Catholic: but, at that moment, how little we thought of any distinction in our creeds!

This happy day brought me a letter from dear papa. Oh, how thankful it made me! Then there have been the beautiful services, the early prayer, the festival address, the Love-feast—so many things to draw our thoughts and hearts to the Saviour!

18*th*, *Evening.* All is hushed and still—the Sister who has the house-watch is passing the corridors with measured tread, softly singing,

"Wie herrlich ist's ein Schäflein Christi werden!" (How great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus.) We returned a little before eight from a pleasant excursion to the Mönchshof, headed by the Inspector. Whenever a new girl goes there for the first time, she is sure to utter an expression of surprise and pity on passing a cottage-door, at which constantly sits a girl of fourteen, of an interesting, but stern, almost fierce expression of countenance. An idiot, and without the proper use of any of her limbs, she rocks backwards and forwards on her little low stool, moving her arms at the same time, and making constant, though useless efforts to rise. Is not this poor girl more to be pitied than Emma tending the cows? It makes one think—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more."

20*th*. Amélie R. has been going about with tearful eyes to-day, taking leave of everybody. We had coffee together, and the couple of hours she spent with me seemed to give her real pleasure. She gave me such a pleasant account of her parents' Silver Wedding last year. On

the eve of it, she and her sisters prepared a little surprise for them. Having privately invited a few of their dearest friends, they made their arrangements in the *salon*, and, having taken their usual evening meal with their parents, they quietly repaired to this room, and suddenly struck up a concerted piece suitable for the occasion. Their father was not startled by it, as a serenade of this kind was no unusual compliment on the eve of such a festival. He called Madame R. to go with him and thank their children for this expression of affection; but, on opening the door, their eyes were greeted by the words of a beautiful transparency—"I and my house will serve the Lord!" The room was lighted up and decorated; on one side stood a table covered with the gifts of loving friends, while on the other, to their astonishment, they beheld a chosen group of those friends themselves, who came forward to offer them their hearty good wishes.

29*th*. Four letters arrived for me to-day, but I magnanimously gave them, unopened, into Sister Z.'s keeping, for I was sure they were birth-day letters.

30*th*. A delicious day, worthy both of Sunday and of birth-day feelings. I have given pleasure to about sixty persons to-day, and as many have made me happy by their kind testimony of it. All the Sisters and the girls came in companies to congratulate me and admire my table. During my pleasant breakfast with Sister Z. and Sister R., they talked about the Synod, and it much interested me to hear that four Brothers, chosen by lot, are this day to be consecrated bishops of the Moravian church. One of them is an Englishman, named Edwards. Their ordination has descended to the Brethren in regular succession from the ancient Bohemian church, which claims its derivation from the Apostles.

When Sister R. had read the text for the day, and a short piece from a book of daily devotions, Sister Z. retired awhile, and then was I led to my beautifully decorated table. So many kind remembrances from dear friends! Even Matzchen had his cage embowered in flowers and heather. As for my birthday letters, I almost have them by heart. Nearly all of them express hopes and expectations of my soon returning home.

31*st.* To my great surprise, it was announced to the congregation to-night that Brother C., our venerable pastor, has had a "call" to settle as preacher at Neuwied! Who will succeed him here, I wonder? Shall I be here long enough to be deeply interested in the change?

September 2*d.* I have been finishing a bead mat, which I think of giving Sister R. when I leave. *When I leave*—ah, yes! that is a thought to which I am becoming more and more accustomed. How can I part from my dear, dear friends? But then, it will be to return *home.*

We all think and hope that the Inspector will succeed Brother C. here, as minister. The latter is expected here in about a fortnight now, as the Synod closes this week.

4*th.* Brother W. is coming here, in place of Brother C. The Inspector announced it to-night.

9*th.* The decisive letter has come, and I told Sister R. of it with perhaps too evident regret at the thought of leaving this dear place, for she said, "Oh, but what a feeling that must be, when one returns to the parental roof!" adding,

"*I* should be ready to jump up to the ceiling at the thought." I said, at present I could only think of the parting *here;* and really this seems to be the feeling with all the girls here in their turn; but yet, it is not the general feeling of school-girls.

12*th.* Sister K. was just now at the drawer where the Christmas sweetmeats are kept. The sigh I gave when I thought I should not spend another Christmas here, made her look up, and say, "Oh dear! last year I so enjoyed seeing Beatrice look happy and take interest in everything! And now she is getting quite dull. But, my dear! your departure is not at hand just yet." On my telling her, however, that we were only looking out for a safe opportunity of my going, tears came into her kind eyes, and she followed me into my room to say how she should miss me.

As for Sister R., she laughs and calls me Sister Z.'s "shadow." I don't mind that, for I am determined to have as much of her company as I can, and *while* I can.

14*th.* Brother C. is arrived! That is bad news for me; because now they will begin di-

rectly to pack, and then off they will go, and I am to go with them!

The swallows left us last Tuesday.

16*th.* Sister Z. told me last night that the C.'s will not go till the middle of October; so there is a little reprieve for me!

The Conference drank tea together this afternoon. This evening, a liturgy was sung, applicable to the festival, being a song of prayer and praise to their "King and Elder." It was preceded by a few words from Brother C., referring to the Synod, and giving thanks for its happy conclusion, in that, although it had been found necessary to make some changes in their constitution, still they remain united as one church, under one Head, even Jesus, their Chief and Elder.

17*th. The Boys' Potatoe Feast*; to which they marched in truly martial style, with trumpet and drum. Sister Z. and Sister R., however, who were present at it, say they were much more intent on their military feats than their cooking, which they resigned in great measure into female hands.

21*st.* Time glides on, and every day brings

me nearer to my journey, and yet, strangely enough, I cannot realize it, but feel as if I were to continue my daily round here, time indefinite! The hour will surely come, however. Meanwhile I have a variety of little keepsakes to finish, which occupy all my spare time and a good many of my thoughts.

23*d*. Dear John's birthday. Pauline has helped me to keep it, chiefly because she leaves Königsfeld to-morrow, to pay a visit to her grandmamma at Stuttgard. This has been a long anticipated treat, and therefore she is very cheerful, though we shall probably never see each other again; for I do not think her grandmother will like to part with her any more. Her conversation was quite entertaining this evening.

24*th*. Pauline is gone! Sister H. accompanied her and her travelling companion in a fly as far as Rothweil, and I might have gone too, but could not make up my mind. May happiness attend her!

27*th*. I hear Sister Z. and Sister R. in the corridor, consulting what shall be provided for Sister B. and me to take with us to Stockburg to-

morrow. Sister B. wishes to finish her sketch of the little farm-house, and we are to drive there at seven to-morrow morning. It will be delightful, in this sultry weather, to spend a day on the mountain, and dine on milk-soup and eggs in the farm-house kitchen!

28*th.* Our drive to and from Stockburg was very pleasant. On our arrival, Sister B. was received with the most cordial expressions of welcome, both by the patriarchal couple, and by their pretty servant girl. The milk-soup, which, in other words, is bread-and-milk, appeared to me delicious; partly because I was very hungry, but likewise because the milk was so good. I was emboldened to try my sketching powers, and produced what Sister B. was kind enough to call a very good attempt—I must own, I view it with satisfaction, myself! quite as much, perhaps, as I should be capable of if it were much better done.

October 3*d.* At one o'clock this afternoon, I accompanied a large party of Sisters to the Muchenloch, a lovely valley in the neighborhood of Buchenburg. The whole party halted at the borders of the Tonis Wald to await the

approach of the Countess A. and her niece, who were to join us there with a few more of the Sisters from the village. As soon as they came in sight, Sister R. went to meet them; and the Countess, on joining us, said, with a polite bow, "We are much gratified at having permission to go with you." The niece was a tall, good-humored looking girl. Sister R. did the honors to them both; and the rest of the party followed at a respectful distance. However, I observed the young lady eyeing me from time to time; and, at last, she asked me if I could speak "Schweitzer" or "Elsassar Deutsch." I replied I could speak Englisch-Deutsch, which made them all laugh; and she proceeded from one thing to another till we became quite companionable together. On our way home she was emboldened to speak English with me, and very well, too. She said she had learned it from an amiable young lady who had spent six months with them to learn German. The frank, simple manners of the Sisters seemed to delight the Countess; and when we halted in the forest-shade and seated ourselves to partake our frugal fare of bread and fruit, her enjoyment was per-

fect. Before we rose she joined us in singing hymns; and then we returned home by a different path.

Sister Z. and Sister R. invited the two ladies, and Sister P., who is also of noble birth, to drink tea here this afternoon; and the little party only separated just before church. The Countess has visited Herrnhut and Neuwied, and seems much interested in the Moravians.

I have had a nice little English letter from Pauline. She says she thinks a great deal of Königsfeld, and that "it is nowhere so beautiful as there." She dreamed last Sunday night that I was dead, and cried so much in her sleep that when she woke her pillow was wet with tears.

4th. I had such an unexpected pleasure to-night! At supper, Sister Z. put a little box into my hands, containing a brooch of Sister R.'s and her hair, with their initials and the date inscribed on it by herself. It will be a precious little keepsake to me.

8th. Shall I have time to write a few words to-night, before we sing Sister R. to sleep? I think she is still with Sister Z. To-morrow is her birthday, and she had such a joyful surprise

to-day in the unexpected arrival of her brother! I am very glad for her, but very sorry for myself, because he dines and sups with her and Sister Z., and I, consequently, am excluded. I have been in great restlessness and excitement to-day, without knowing why, except that I have caught it from Sister Z., who has been running about all day, making preparations for to-morrow.

9th. Sister Z. and I rose at five this morning, to sing up Sister R., and repaired to the corridor at a quarter of six, where we found about a dozen Sisters already assembled at her door. We sang two beautiful verses from the hymn-book, and a third composed by Sister Z. herself. After this, we had many little festive preparations to make. We serenaded her again when she was comfortably seated at breakfast with her brother and Sister Z. A piano was placed for the purpose in my room, and the choir sang just within the door. Directly it was over, Sister R. issued forth, all smiles, to express her thanks. Then came, as usual, the conducting her to the birthday table, and the congratulations of her numerous friends.

10*th*. It is cold to-night, and I am very sleepy. Sister Z. went out after church, and said something about not returning till late,—I wonder what she meant by it.

Sister B.'s canary makes great progress under my teaching. We call it Cinderella, because it was rescued from a death among the ashes. Sister M. came to me after dinner on purpose to see my Matzchen, she had heard so much of his feats.

11*th*. Oh, surprise! How shall I describe the events of this day? At the end of the evening liturgy, from which we have just returned, a verse of benediction was sung for Sister Z. and Brother Friedeman, after the announcement that their betrothal had taken place this afternoon! Yes! this was the object of Brother F.'s unexpected visit,—to claim Sister Z. as his bride; or, rather, to obtain her consent to it if he could: and she is to marry the brother of her cherished companion and friend. How little did we suspect this when he arrived! He revealed the secret to his sister on her birthday. No one else in the house except Sister Z. had a suspicion of it till to-day, when, as Sister K. tells me, Sister

Z. quietly mentioned to the Sisters that there would be a short service at one o'clock, which, somehow, made them suspect something. *I* had not even this preparation, and was startled to hear the bell ring at one, and to see the Sisters all wending on their way to the prayer-hall. However, Sister B.'s canary just then falling down in a fainting-fit, I thought nothing of it in my concern for the little bird, and, shortly after, seeing Sister Z. coming along the corridor, I begged her, with tears in my eyes, to come in, as I thought the canary was dying. She and Sister R. came in together, and, instead of attending to the bird, the latter, all smiling, exclaimed, "Only think, Beatrice! Sister Z. is a bride, and will shortly run away from us all! That is of more moment, is it not, than the little canary?" Oh, what a surprise! Down went my head on Sister Z.'s shoulder, and I cried bitterly. Sister R. cried too: she loves Sister Z. dearly, and so do all the Sisters, and well they may. The eyes of every one I met afterwards were red; and many were kind enough to condole with me on losing my loved friend.

As Sister R. says, there is a bolt pushed between us now.

Sister R.'s birthday party immediately followed the betrothal, which took place in her room, in the presence not only of the Conference, but of all her guests. Brother F. remains here a week, and then goes away, but is to return in six weeks, and carry away Sister Z. as his wife. Oh dear! what varied joys and sorrows have occurred in my short life here! Poor Sister R.! she would be glad, I think, if I were going to winter here,—she says she should then have Sister Z.'s "shadow," at least.

They are out, again, to-night!—Can I be surprised?

This day three years, Sister R. arrived here as *Pflegerin*.

12*th*. True it is indeed, that we know not what a day may bring forth. I wonder what will happen in the *next* twenty-four hours. My eyes are stiff with tears and sleeplessness. It is a great comfort to me, however, that I still share my dear Sister Z.'s bedroom. It gives me the opportunity of saying many things to her that I cannot during the day. She and Sister R.

came home after ten last night, and I heard them go into her room. At half-past ten, she called me to bed, and they then both went into Sister R.'s room, from which Sister Z. did not return till some time after eleven. I was still lying awake; the agitation of the day had been too great to allow me to sleep. I then had a long conversation with my dear, dear Sister Z. I asked her how she could go from those by whom she was so beloved and esteemed. She answered that it was indeed difficult to her, and that she had had a hard struggle with conflicting feelings; but that she felt sure the matter was in God's hands, and that she could peacefully obey His call. Oh! may she be happy! There is no community nor society at Dantzig, her future home; this she will much miss, as she has always lived in one or the other; but Brother F. assures her that she will there find many true children of God, who will joyfully claim her as a sister. She has the choice of accompanying him on his missions or not, but intends doing so; and, in answer to a despairing sort of speech of mine, observed that we must leave all in God's hands or we shall never be

happy; adding that as she was sitting alone this evening and revolving doubts in her mind, she drew herself a text, which proved to be the text for the day, Deut. xxxiii. 6: "Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out!" A remarkable coincidence, certainly; and particularly reassuring to a Moravian. Soon afterwards she was peacefully sleeping at my side—while *I* lay awake with grief, who must so soon have left her, had not she left me! Such singular creatures we are!

At four o'clock, however, she woke, and arose before six. On my observing she must be very tired, she said, "No! thank God, I am not that; but when one has so much to do and to think about, one cannot well sleep." *I* had very little to do, but plenty to think about. We talked again, while dressing; and she has said that I must see and hear her bridegroom before he leaves (for, at present, I have not dared to look at him), that I may, as she says, know who is going to take her away.

I heard his voice just now in the passage. Breakfast is over, I suppose, in Sister R.'s room.

Six, P.M. They all three walked to St. Georgien after coffee, to post their letters, and have not yet returned. Sister R. looked in on me before they went, and we had a nice little chat together, in which she told me the beginning and progress of the whole affair.

Eight, P. M. Out again to-night! And Sister R. says they will be out almost every night now. She and Sister Z. sat together at home while we were at church, and, I should think, cried the whole time, their eyes were so red; and Sister R. looked round at me, and said, "We are both *very* sad."

Who will be Sister Z.'s successor, I wonder? Sister R. may nominate any one she likes, but then the lot will be used, and may turn up a negative, so that she does not much like to do it.

13*th*. There goes the carriage! What a comfort he is gone! Now I shall at least be able to hover about dear Sister Z. till we part. Last night she told me that Brother F. would remain till after *Gemein Fest*, and I was in despair; but this evening he fortunately received some letters which carried him off to-night; and, inhuman

as it may be, I'm glad of it! Sister Z. and Sister R. must needs accompany him to Villingen, and will not be home till eleven. A cold night, methinks for a long drive. Of course, though, they will have plenty to say to one another. I was in the room with Sister R. this afternoon, when her brother came in to coffee, and, hearing him approaching, said with a sigh, "Here he comes!" On which she laughed, and added, "*Der böse mann, nicht wahr?*" "(The bad man, is it not so?") "Yes," I replied, "I don't like him at all, now." However, his bright, smiling eyes and pleasant countenance, and the cordial tones of his voice as he entered, made me secretly own to myself that I did like him notwithstanding, and that he was not so very unworthy of my precious Sister Z. after all. But a man who comes when he is least looked for or wanted, and unexpectedly snaps up one's favorite friend, can hardly fail to seem something of the ogre. Oh, I hope he will be able to make her happy! This morning, she certainly seemed a little depressed—both Sister R. and I remarked it. His age is very suitable for her; he must be some years older than his sister.

Oh dear! this day last year was such a happy one! We took a long walk to Kappel with the Inspector, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly; in the evening I read to Sister Z. and then Sister R. came in, and we watched the eclipse together. Little did we think that in twelve short months this betrothal should take place! But the Moravians never know what may turn up—nay, do *any?*

Sister Z. and her betrothed were out all this morning paying visits, and several persons came yesterday and to-day to congratulate them. Since their fate is so fixed, as far as human purposes are concerned, there is not much good in thinking about it; otherwise, I should say they have not left her much leisure for deliberation. She took him round to all the Sisters' rooms, to introduce him.

14*th.* I am hoping when Sister Z. comes out of Sister R.'s room,—which she entered directly after church,—to get leave to sit with her a little, this evening. I am in much better spirits to-night, because I spent the afternoon very pleasantly with her till she went to the tea-

party. I did some work for her, while she arranged her drawers, and now and then she brought forth some little thing that she could spare, and that she thought I might like to have. We talked a great deal about her future life, and she invited me to visit her at Dantzig when her husband should make one of his long journeys and leave her at home. What a strange event for me, should it ever be realized! At any rate, it is something pleasant to think about; and while our thoughts are happy, *we* are so.

She went off in very good spirits, but Sister R. came in, dressed in her best, with a very sad face, and I said, laughingly, "I think Sister R. would like even me better than nobody, when you are gone." "Oh," said Sister Z., "she has always liked you;" and Sister R. confirmed it with "Yes, indeed, it would be a great comfort!" though I know well enough there is *no* one can fill Sister Z.'s place to her—Oh dear! no.

Well—it is better to have dear friends and to lose sight of them, than never to have enjoyed

the privilege of their companionship and affection; I felt it so with Louise, I felt it so with Pauline, and I feel it so with Sister Z. All the world, I suppose, have had the same feeling in their turn.

PART VII.

October 15th. This being the King of Prussia's birthday, I rose a little after five, that I might gather flowers yet wet with dew to form a wreath for the royal picture, in honor of Sister Z. and Sister R. The poor king is very ill; it has twice been rumored that he is dead. I am now so much with Sister Z. that it makes me very cheerful, especially as there is a talk of our going hence *together*, which would be delightful! Time will show. I have had a most inspiriting letter from dear papa.

This afternoon Sister Z. showed me a copy of the letter she wrote to the King of Prussia when I was at Neuwied, to send with a narrative of the jubilee of the community there; also his gracious answer to her, signed by himself, and dated, in his own hand, "Sans Souci." I well remember having a glimpse at the book,

in its blue velvet binding, with the royal arms in gold at the back.

16*th*. We have had a delicious day again. It is only a pity that Sister Z. is too busy and Sister R. too sad to think of making any excursions now. A large wagon-load of luggage was sent off by Brother C. to-day. Flitting seems all the fashion.

18*th*, *Sunday*. Brother C. has just preached his farewell sermon. He was much affected, and so were we. His wife almost sobbed aloud, Lydia cried, and many of the congregation were in tears. They leave on Saturday, and I hope I shall not go with them now—I so desire to remain for the wedding! My heart swells at the thought of leaving Sister Z. before that, and yet I long to be at home. I dressed Sister Z.'s hair for her the other day, and tried a net cap on her, because at Dantzig she will not wear the Moravian cap.

19*th*. *Gemein Fest. Half-past eight*, P. M. We have just returned from the Sacrament—the last, I suppose, that I shall receive here.

Sister R. says she was quite struck, as she was walking out this afternoon, by the sweet-

ness of the voice of a young Black Forest girl, singing as she watched her cows. She stopped to listen to her, and observed that the burden of every verse was "Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!" Perhaps Emma G. thus sings hymns at her solitary occupation. Zipporah, Rachel, and perhaps Rebecca, were shepherdesses—I don't know that they kept cows.

20*th*. Just returned from Thanksgiving. At our cosy supper of coffee and hot rolls, we talked a good deal about the important step Sister Z. is going to take. Sister R. cannot console herself for the thought of losing her; and, were it not now settled that I am to travel with her, I should be as inconsolable as at first; but this, and the hope of visiting her, "some of these days," at Dantzig, have made a wonderful difference in my prospects!—so naturally do we all tend to take a personal view of things. Poor Sister P. is very sad, because Sister Z. will be so completely beyond her reach. She writes that the marriage has excited the liveliest interest at Neuwied. Sister R. said this afternoon, when I had done some little thing for her, "If *somebody* were not going away too, I should not feel half

so lonely." I took her hand in mine and said, "Oh, Sister R.!—*really?*

"Yes, *really*," she replied with a smile and a kind pressure of the hand.

22*d.* *Antonia C.'s birth-day.* I took her a little present, and found them busily preparing for their farewell party. I have had an affectionate letter from dear Louise. It has been a wet, dull day. Peaches are selling at a farthing a piece.

23*d.* Brother and Sister C. came to say good-bye to the Antons, while Anna and I were taking our drawing-lesson there. They had been all over the house here, and had been into my room to look for me. In the afternoon, Antonia and her little brother and sister came again to wish me good-bye. They start early to-morrow.

24*th.* At seven o'clock this morning, while a cold gray mist still hung over the forests and concealed the mountains from our view, the Brothers and Sisters assembled at the corner of the square, accompanied by the band, to sing a parting benediction to the venerable pastor and his family, according to a good old Moravian custom. It was an affecting thing—we watched

them all get into the capacious travelling-coach; and just as it turned the corner, the farewell hymn rose in sweet and solemn sounds on the still morning air, the coachman drew up, and the family bowed their heartfelt thanks with moistened eyes. Before the last sounds had died away, the travellers were beyond the last house in the place.

Well, he has left the fragrance of a good name behind him! The girls who were prepared by him for Confirmation tell me that he used to talk to them most beautifully. His tall, dignified figure, silver locks, and benevolent countenance will ever be associated in my mind with these peaceful scenes. His successor, Brother W., is expected on Tuesday.

Sister Z. says, if I am to stay for her wedding, I must make myself useful, by helping her to clear away rubbish. She has given me a great many old letters to look through and destroy—some of them interest, some amuse me; others are longer than I like, and to no good.

25*th*, *Sunday*. Sister Z. is low-spirited to-day. It will go off again, but at supper-time she said she thought she would go off in a consumption

or some such thing. This is not at all like herself, but it half breaks my heart while it lasts. She has been so happy and beloved here, that, of course, it must be very trying to go away.

26th. This morning, while we were dressing, Sister Z. said, "To-day, the beds will be changed," meaning that Sister R. would return to sleep with her, and I must go back to my own little room. This so overcame me, that I burst into tears, and, though she very kindly and good-naturedly endeavored to comfort me, I could not immediately recover myself. Yet, what folly! Our yielding too much to our emotions tends to make even our indulgent friends love us less instead of more; especially as there is generally something selfish in it.

However, something occurred in the course of the morning to rouse me pretty effectually from this mood. I had been speaking to Sister Z. about some letters and papers, and was returning to my room to arrange them as she wished, when, on opening my door, what was my horror to behold the old gray cat sitting composedly on the table, and the birdcage quite empty! I instantly concluded my pet to be devoured, and,

flying back to Sister Z., cried, "My Matzchen is gone!" She hastened back with me, full of kind concern, and, on anxious examination, we made out that the cat must have come in through the open window, and, in its endeavors to get at the bird, had knocked down the seed-glass, and that the clever little fellow had darted through this aperture, and thus escaped from his enemy through the open window: otherwise, there would at least have been a feather or two of poor Matzchen left, to tell the story of his fate to his sorrowful mistress, for he would not have lost his life without a struggle. I had plenty of sympathizers with me under my loss, which I did not now consider irreparable, and Sister K. and Sister A. good-naturedly joined me in my search. Just as we were looking for Matzchen in various directions, Louise came and heartily joined us. First, we looked in the front of the house, then in the garden,—here, we fancied we heard a small piping; and, on going to the gallery window and calling, "Matzchen, Matzchen, where are you, darling little bird?" "Sweet, sweet!" was responded from the field, and the dear little fellow flew from tree to tree,

nearer and still nearer to us. Sister A. quickly fetched me the cage and some groundsel, and presently down hopped my Matzchen, first into the cage, and then on my shoulder, and then into his cage again, which I then carried in triumph into the house, congratulated by all, for we alike had friends. That cat! "It is its nature, too;" so I must not say much—only, when natures are bad, we must take prudent precautions against them, as I hope to do in behalf of Matzchen.

At bedtime, I could hardly believe my ears when Louise said, as she lighted my candle, "The beds are not changed." Oh, what kindness!

27*th*. Sister Z. has letters from her betrothed, which have put her in good spirits again.

28*th*. Just as I was settling myself to go through the remainder of Sister Z.'s old letters, I heard the mellow sound of the trumpets greeting the arrival of Brother W. and his family. They drove at once to the inn, where they are quartered for the night (the house not being quite ready for them), where the Conference hastened to welcome them, and the musicians

to greet them with a hymn of benediction. A group of Sisters who had stationed themselves at the inn-door to see them alight have just returned. Some of them well remember Brother W. as Inspector, and speak warmly in his praise.

Sister Z. and Sister R. went to Villingen today, to give orders to the jeweller for hair chains, rings, plate, &c., and kindly took me with them. It was very amusing, for a great fair was going on, and there were immense crowds of country people in their holiday costumes. One woman had made herself sufficiently conspicuous by wearing an enormous tall yellow hat, which towered above the crowd wherever she went. Large, substantial booths were filled with various commodities, chiefly articles of clothing, hats, caps, fur and woollen goods, piles of gingham and merino, shoes, boots, and playthings. There were also stalls heaped with Black Forest rolls, a sort of large twist. We fell in with the Antons, who had walked over with some relatives, and who asked us to drink coffee with them; but we could not, as the Sisters were expecting to receive the new

minister and his wife. We started at half-past twelve, and returned at half-past four.

The beds *have* been altered to-day. I will not complain.

Every time I drive through Mouchmeiler, I am astonished at the length of that village. We saw a pile of wood, to-day, just ready to be covered with ashes and set on fire, to burn into charcoal. It was neatly and compactly piled. The charcoal-burners are obliged to watch such a heap night and day, to see that it does not break out into a flame, which would ruin it all. I was also interested in seeing flax and hemp being dried, on a great frame, over a pit in which was a fire, and then beaten out by women.

29*th*. The formal reception of Brother and Sister W. took place at ten o'clock this morning; and, during the service this evening, Herr Inspector greeted them in a short address in the name of the whole congregation, imploring a blessing on them and their labors, after which we sang some appropriate hymns.

30*th*. It is so delightful to me, in reading Sister Z.'s old letters, to find in them such in-

cessant expressions of love, affection, esteem, and respect for her. Children, teachers, pupils' parents, friends, acquaintances, all with one accord seemed to vie with one another in their testimonies to her worth.

Brother W. made his opening address to-night. It was perfectly simple and to the purpose. He expressed his thankfulness to God for having called him to this particular community, for which he has an affection from former years of service here.

31*st.* A most beautiful psalm was sung to-night, in commemoration of Luther's Reformation, three hundred and forty years ago. I went this afternoon to speak to Sister M. about the engravings she and I are thinking of giving Sister Z. as wedding presents. They are very beautiful: one is "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene;" the other, "Peter sinking for want of faith."

November 4th. Sister Z. has had a letter to-day from Brother F. to say he fears he cannot arrive here on Saturday, as was expected, but must delay his journey for another week. This will be a dismal disappointment to me, as it will pre-

vent my travelling with them; however, I will hope for the best.

5*th*. Brother F. comes this day week, and Sister Z. talks, *cruelly*, of my starting on my journey that very day,—just as if I would or could miss the wedding! No, no!

This morning (our Guy Fawkes Day), I was attracted to the window by the sound of a jig-like air played on the flute, the strain of which was now and then taken up by several voices. On looking out I perceived a motley procession of men and women rapidly passing through the village—the Tonisbauer's daughter was returning from her wedding with her bridegroom and friends. A woman was going about from house to house yesterday with invitations to the wedding feast, which has taken place to-day with great festivity. I was rather amused this evening with Louise's description of the country custom of "stopping the wagon." A wagon loaded with the bride's effects goes to her future home a day or two before the wedding; and if a cow follows it as part of her property, it is considered a great thing. Every one who takes the trouble of stopping the wagon has a claim to

a piece of money for the honor thereby paid to the bride.

6th. This has been such a delightfully mild day that I have sat at the open window as if it were spring. I have been helping Sister Z. and Sister R. to take an inventory of the articles they have for sale for the benefit of the Missions. Sister Z. has all manner of accounts to wind up and affairs to settle prior to her relinquishing her office; then, when that is over, comes the grand packing. There may be enjoyment, but very little tranquil pleasure now.

7th. It was such very inviting weather to-day that I went to see if Anna A. were inclined for a walk. She was ready in a moment, and we directed our steps along the Villingen road to the Rotherwald, to find out the Guellen, the source of our fountain and springs, which is said to lie very prettily in the depths of the forest. We perceived a little stream issuing from the side of the wood, and followed it far, far into the forest—so far that we began to think it imprudent to pursue it to its end, or rather its beginning, for our shoes and stockings were satu-

[illegible] with their silent among the dark [illegible] trees, [illegible] overgrowing our path. It [illegible] was [illegible] to make a short cut through the [illegible] wood, to the highroad, but instead of this we only got further into the labyrinth of trees; we then wandering about for half an hour, quite at a loss, we had no resource but to retrace our steps as well as we could, without inquiring to any short cuts, and very glad if we could find the long one. I was a little afraid of our encountering the poor crazy man who is said to dwell in the forest (perhaps only to keep idle young people out of it), otherwise I enjoyed the ramble and scramble very much. Anna gave me an amusing account of the Tonisbauer's daughter's wedding, which she and Sister S. had gone to see. A woman came to them the previous day, dressed in her Sunday clothes, with a large nosegay in her hand, to invite her to come in the morning, and, in a mechanical sort of way, rehearsed a programme of the proceedings, which were somewhat to this effect:—The guests were to assemble at the farm of the bride's father at half-past eight, and would be treated to "Kroppels," *for nothing*, after which

they were all to go to the bridegroom's mill, whence he would accompany them to Weiler. Here, having partaken of wine at the inn, still "for nothing," they would proceed to the church. After the marriage ceremony, the "bridal-dance" would immediately be performed, then would come the dinner, after which there would be dancing again.

Anna did not go to the farm, but proceeded quietly with Sister S. to the church, where, she said, the clergyman made a very nice address to the couple before he married them, on the text, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The bridegroom treated his friends to wine before leaving the mill; but for the dinner each paid a gulden,—there were four sorts of meats, and a highly-seasoned *bouillon*. The most discordant music was played the whole time, and, at the close of the repast, the bride carried round the loving-cup, tastefully adorned with flowers.

8th, Sunday. The banns of marriage between Sister Z. and Brother F. were published to-day in church for the first time. They were simply these—"The single Brother A. B. F., and the

single Sister M. C. Z., intend to enter the holy state of matrimony together. May God bless this their intention!" At length, to my great joy, it is finally settled that I am to travel with them.

11*th*. There has been "preparation for the Sacrament" to-night. I wish I might partake of it here once more, but it will only be for the Brethren. Sister Z. and Sister R. go to-morrow to St. Georgien, to meet Brother F.

12*th*. They started early this morning in a close carriage, and, by Sister R.'s advice, we took advantage of their absence to set out our wedding presents for Sister Z. against their return, as it would not do to postpone giving them much longer, on account of the packing. As soon, therefore, as the fly drove off, three or four of the greatest adepts in such arrangements commenced operations by bringing into Sister Z.'s room a round table, which they covered with a white cloth flowing to the ground. Having festooned this in graceful folds with wreaths of evergreens and snake-moss, they proceeded to arrange the presents on the table with as much taste and judgment as such very hetero-

geneous articles would admit of; for, to match them with any degree of symmetry was next to impossible. The Germans think full as much of the *utile* as the *dulce*, and many of Sister Z.'s steady, sensible friends desired to be remembered by keepsakes for use rather than show; hence, a very handsome copper kettle, two flat candlesticks, and a soup-ladle had to find their appropriate places on the table; also a pestle and mortar, two teapots, a small copper stew-pan, biscuit-shapes, teacups and saucers, etc. Against the wall was hung the text which had made so deep an impression on Sister Z., beautifully written out by Sister R.—"Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

On the return of the betrothed, they were greeted by the Sisters with a song of welcome and benediction, for which they were warmly and eloquently thanked by the bridegroom. All three then repaired to Sister R.'s room to drink chocolate; Sister Z. appearing unaffectedly pleased with the many proofs of kindness her friends had provided for her. This afternoon, Sister R. gave me some idea of the order

in which things are to go, as far as yet arranged. To-morrow, the Festival and Sacrament; Saturday, the "House Festival;" Monday, a drive to Villingen; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, are as yet free days, and will probably be occupied in farewell visits; Friday and Saturday, packing up days; Sunday, *the Wedding.* Monday, the Wedding party; Tuesday, *the Departure!*

13*th. Aeltesten Fest.* Brother W. gave a very nice address this morning, on the subject of the festival, and then publicly received Marie A. into the bond of the Brethren, calling on her to let her life be a homage to Him whom she has already acknowledged as her Saviour, Redeemer, King, and Elder. The Love-feast was at half-past two, the Sacrament at half-past four and half-past seven.

14*th. The House Festival,* which I little thought to celebrate here again. At the end of the *Liebesmahl,* Brother W. announced that Sister Z. took this opportunity of formally resigning her office as superintendent into the hands of Him from whom she had received it. Some verses of benediction were then sung by all, though

not with dry eyes. I thought I should get a little snatch of her company this evening, when all the others were at "Thanksgiving," but, on peeping into her room, I saw her busy writing a letter. I shall see little more of her now. Brother F. is naturally almost always at her side, and they are full of engagements.

The fountain is boarded up — I saw long icicles hanging from its pipes to-day.

15*th*, *Sunday*. A cold, bright day. The trees are beginning to put on their sparkling dress of lace, and the spring in the middle of the square is thinly frozen over to within a yard or two of the fountain. The banns have been a second time published. The betrothed took coffee with the Sisters this afternoon, in the dining-hall.

16*th*. To-day, according to pre-arrangements, Sister Z., Sister R., and Brother F. drove to Villingen on a shopping expedition. I ordered a travelling-cage for Matzchen, and spent the afternoon with one of the Sisters, learning new stitches.

17*th*. Sister Z. told me this morning that our packing must proceed quickly now, as the luggage must be sent forward on Friday. This

seems to realize the event. I spent the whole afternoon helping Sister R. to make out her order for Berlin wool, Sister Z. being much too busy to attend to it. She told me Brother F. had twice asked where the young *Engländerin* was, as he never saw her (I always slip away when I hear him coming), and said he should come and pay me a visit on his own account. While we were thus busied, the Inspectress came in to invite the two to the boys' concert at eight o'clock, adding, with a smile, as she looked towards me, "Beatrice would like to come too, would she not?" to which I answered, "Oh yes, if I may!"

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early morning—dear Sister Z. standing all the afternoon in the midst of her gigantic cask!—not quite so idle as Diogenes in his tub, but stowing into it bedding, linen, earthenware, hardware, and movables of all sorts. In the evening it was rolled away, and then she began to fill a packing-case, while I looked on. Brother F. came in and bowed politely, as much as to say, "Now, I have you!" and immediately said, very cordially, he was glad I was to be one of the travelling-party. I replied, "I am looking forward to it with much pleasure;" on which Sister Z. and Sister R. each repeated, "So am I."

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along which I had so often passed with a light heart, a glance into the busy yard, where I saw old Brother Flach, well muffled up, hard at work as usual, sawing up logs for firewood—a hearty shake of his rough hand, while I smilingly said, with a choke in my voice, "I am off to England this morning, Brother Flach!"

I joined Sister R. at the house-door. It was hardly half-past seven, but we had both risen early after an almost sleepless night; and now the last little packages having been crammed into the carpet-bags, a rusk and a cup of coffee hastily swallowed, we were ready in travelling garb to join the newly married pair at the inn, whence we were to start at eight for Offenburg. At the inn, many dear friends looked in to bid one more farewell. All the windows were full, too, as we drove through the dear little place. At first we were all very still, though dear Sister Z. did not look as sad as I had expected. She and Brother F. had something else to think of than regrets, I suppose. Poor Sister R., however, looked very grave; and though she would not *give way* to her feelings so as to damp the *pleasure* of others, it was but a piteous smile

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We were up very early this morning, that we might have one more quiet meal with dear Sister R. We took a sad farewell of her in the cold, dim light of early morning, at the quiet station, just before the train started which was to carry us on to Kehl, leaving her all alone and comfortless to feel that the loved one was gone, perhaps never to be seen by her again. To her brother, too, she is strongly attached, so that, in more respects than one, the parting was trying.*

On reaching Kehl, we took a fly to Strasburg, which we reached at half-past eight. Having comfortably passed the custom-house, we drove at once to the R.'s, who received us most cordially, and immediately gave us a good breakfast. They were full of inquiries about dear little Königsfeld; and we had scarcely fin-

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me, what a difficulty it would have been in the way of my joining the travelling party, as they could not have presumed to bring an uninvited guest! And what a nice little room this is, and how kind of Amélie to give it up to me!

We were up very early this morning, that we might have one more quiet meal with dear Sister R. We took a sad farewell of her in the cold, dim light of early morning, at the quiet station, just before the train started which was to carry us on to Kehl, leaving her all alone and comfortless to feel that the loved one was gone, perhaps never to be seen by her again. To her brother, too, she is strongly attached, so that, in more respects than one, the parting was trying.*

On reaching Kehl, we took a fly to Strasburg, which we reached at half-past eight. Having comfortably passed the custom-house, we drove at once to the R.'s, who received us most cordially, and immediately gave us a good breakfast. They were full of inquiries about dear little Königsfeld; and we had scarcely fin-

* It may be interesting to state that Sister R. has lately (June, 1859,) gone to Thibet, as the bride of the Superintendent of that mission.

ished our meal, when Mr. and Mrs. R—g, relations of Sister Z., called to welcome and congratulate her. We sallied forth with them to see the town, and, in the first place, the Cathedral, which, in my opinion, surpasses those of Cologne, Antwerp, and even Freiburg. It is built of sandstone, and was commenced in 1015. The stained glass windows (there are no others) are magnificent. The nave of the church is perfectly free and open, separated from the aisles by the most majestic fluted columns. The organ is splendid. The pulpit, one mass of light sculpture. We saw the wonderful clock at noon, when the principal works are in motion. Perched up on high is a great cock, which flaps its wings and crows three times. The twelve apostles pass before the Saviour, and he blesses them all except Judas. Below this group is a figure of Death with his scythe. As the clock strikes the hour, Old Age passes by; at the quarter, a child; at the half-hour, a youth; at three quarters, a man. All these figures appear about a foot high. Below these, sit two little angels; that on the left strikes the *quarters* with a pair of cymbals, that on the

right turns the glass when Death strikes the hour. There are also various astronomical signs and figures, which I did not inquire into. Every day of the week, a fresh chariot appears. To-day, being Wednesday, Mercury was driving.

We next visited St. Thomas's Church, where there is a monument to the memory of Marshal Saxe, which reminded me of Roubillac's, in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Mrs. Nightingale,—because in one a wife is represented attempting to save her husband, and in the other a husband to save his wife, from the arms of Death. But this monument is far superior in size and beauty to ours. The embalmed bodies of a Count of Nassau and his daughter are shown in glass cases; they are habited in the rich costume of the eleventh century.

When we left St. Thomas's Church, Madame R—g became anxious lest her good dinner should spoil, and hurried us home to it. After doing justice to her hospitality, we visited the Botanical Gardens and Museum, and then called on Brother H., the Moravian clergyman here. At seven, we returned to our good hosts, the R—ns, who had made up a little party for us.

Refreshments were abundant; and delightful conversation, principally sustained by Brother F., Brother H., and Brother R., sweetened our repast. Before the little party broke up, Brother F., whom I like and respect more and more, yielded to the request that he would conduct family prayers. I liked his manner of doing so very much; but I liked still more that of last night, when we were by ourselves, and when he prayed extempore, by name, for his dear wife, for Sister R., and for me.

26*th*. After breakfasting with our kind hosts and their daughters, we again sallied forth to the Cathedral; and Brother F. and I mounted to the "four snails," or four turrets, the highest point to which one can ascend without permission from some civil authority, which ladies do not often claim. We mounted about three hundred and ninety feet,—the utmost height is, I believe, four hundred and thirty-six. From here we could see an expanse of twenty-four German miles—the mountains of the Black Forest, the Französische Gebirge, and the Rhine. Unfortunately, it was too hazy for us to see very distinctly; but Brother F. comforted himself by

saying, "Never mind—we're on the top!" We saw the great bell, which is only rung twelve times a year, or when a fire breaks out. We joined Sister Z. at Fräulein S—'s, and repaired at noon to dinner again with the R—gs, and thence to a coffee-party at the minister's. His pretty little wife was most hospitable, and there were five dear little rosy, chubby-faced girls, and a baby-boy who delighted me. At five, we went down to the little chapel, or rather prayer-hall, and Brother F. delivered a beautiful and fervent discourse on the text of the day, Ps. cxlvi. 5: "Who keepeth His promise for ever." The Moravians have services here on Thursday and Saturday evenings, and twice on Sundays, but never at hours when the church services are going on, so that they do not draw members away from their own proper services.

We supped with Madame R—g, and, on returning to our hosts, found a very comfortable family party, consisting of Mr. R. reading aloud, and his wife and daughters at work. We drew out our knitting, and Brother F. entered into conversation with Mr. R., and related many amusing anecdotes of his missionary life at Old-

enburg, where the people seem almost as uncivilized as the Lapps and Finns. At some of his stories we were horrified, at others we laughed, and thus we chatted on till ten o'clock, when we had prayers, and then retired to our warm, comfortable rooms.

27th. Having bidden our kind hosts farewell, we started in the omnibus for Kehl, and thence took train for Manheim, which we reached at half-past two. We took a fly to Ludwigshaven, and thence came on to Mentz, where, as they told us a good hotel was close by, we followed two porters with our luggage into a disgustingly dirty little coffee-house. On looking about us, we found it would not do, and therefore set off without delay to the "Hotel d'Angleterre," next door, where we have capital quarters. We have had a good supper, and now I am sitting cozily beside Sister Z. on the sofa, talking with her about Dantzig. Brother F. has given me a cordial invitation to visit them next June, and says that if I will remain there a year, they will perhaps accompany me to England.

28th. Once more at Neuwied! We arrived

here after a voyage of nearly eight hours, the Rhine being so shallow that none but the small steamers can run. This scarcity of water is extraordinary, and is attributed to the very little rain we have had this summer. It was very cold on board, and the snow that had fallen on the mountains rendered the scenery grand rather than lovely. Sister —— awaited us at the landing-place, and took us through the town, across the market-place, every stone in which seemed like an old, familiar face to me, and still more so to Sister Z., who had resided here so many years before going to Königsfeld. We proceeded to the Widows'-house, where she and Brother F. are to remain while they are here, and after dinner, I was brought to the Sisters'-house, which is to be my home till I obtain an escort to England. Here, in the nice, snug little guest room, I have had a bitter cry, because my parting with Sister Z. is now close at hand; and I feel completely cut off from her already. I have since been cheered by seeing some old friends—Antonia C. among the rest, with whom I had a comfortable chat about Königsfeld. I

have also begun a letter to Sister R., and have accompanied Sister Z. to the Singstunde.

29*th.* *First Sunday in Advent.*

30*th.* Yesterday was a blank in every way to me. I managed to go to the sermon and hear the beautiful "piece," and then an intense headache obliged me to go to bed. Oh, what a way of spending my last Sunday with my friend! I could not go to hear the "Hosanna," which was doubly a disappointment, because Sister Z. sang with the choir. I did not see her all day. She and Brother F. were invited out to breakfast, dinner, and tea. Sister F. came in twice to see me, and Sister —— brought me something for my head, and a larger cage for my poor Matzchen, whose close imprisonment much grieved her. This morning I joined the Sisters at prayers in the prayer-hall, and I have since been chatting with the sick-nurse. Sister F. has invited me to vesper with her this afternoon, that we may talk over old times.

December 1*st.* We had a very pleasant party, yesterday evening at Brother C.'s. How soon we have fallen in with one another again! Sister Z. looked terribly tired, and no wonder, for

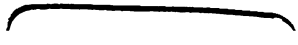
she had already been to three or four parties. She was not sorry, I think, to retreat before ten, saying that if I did not go then, I should find the Sisters'-house closed. She accompanied me to the door herself.

This morning I thanked her and brother F. as well as I could for all their kindness to me, and she was very good, and accompanied me out of the room, and said I must never say good-bye to friends as if I thought we could never meet any more. Tears will force their way, nevertheless. After dinner I accompanied Sister F. and the first-room girls to the old Schloss garden. Everything looked just as it used to do—the Rhine, with its mountains—the old trees and the shady paths which I have so often trodden hand-in-hand with some school-friend, talking over some important secret, or discussing the subject of my next theme.

Quarter-past eight. I have been with dear Sister Z. from seven o'clock until now. I wanted to give her my Christmas present, and amused myself during the afternoon in preparing it; and, as soon as supper was over, I carried it to her. Brother F. found out the trick

of the box, and ate all the sweetmeats while we were talking, which was a shame! Sister Z. was to have treated him with them on the journey. When I entered the room with my illuminated tray, I felt half inclined to retreat, because Sister J. was there; but she smiled and spoke to me so kindly, that I did not hesitate to present it, and afterwards I felt glad she was there, because she was pleased, and thanked me for this attention to her relations. Sister Z.'s "Good night, my child," when I left her went to my heart. She will not be here to say so to-morrow.

2*nd*. This painful day is over. At half-past one, my dear, dear Sister Z. (though she says I must learn to call her Sister F. now) started with her husband to Coblenz, whence they will proceed to Neudietendorf. I was with her the whole morning, helping her to pack, and she thanked me most affectionately for my "true help." I remained in Sister P.'s room till dinner time, while they paid their parting visits, and, at a quarter of one, went over to drink coffee with them for the last time. Brother R., who was to accompany them to Coblenz, was

there, and Sister H. was busy cutting sandwiches for them. Dear Sister Z. and I took leave of one another in her bedroom. When I wished Brother F. good-bye, he assured me it had been pleasant to them both to have me with them so far on their journey, and added, with kind earnestness, "Your heart is heavy, my dear young friend, any one can see that! but do not sorrow without measure for any earthly sorrow or separation; it will be neither for your happiness nor your good. Look to the Saviour! He cares for all our troubles, great and small; and do not forget what you have learned among the Moravians. Remember that God can make all things work together for your good."

THE END.